

G.I. JOE

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52 BIG PAGES

10¢

NO. 10

ANC



**EXCITING
BATTLE
ACTION**

**RED DEVILS
OF KOREA!**

**FIREWORKS APLNTY
WHEN JOE MEETS
SEOUL CITY LOU!**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

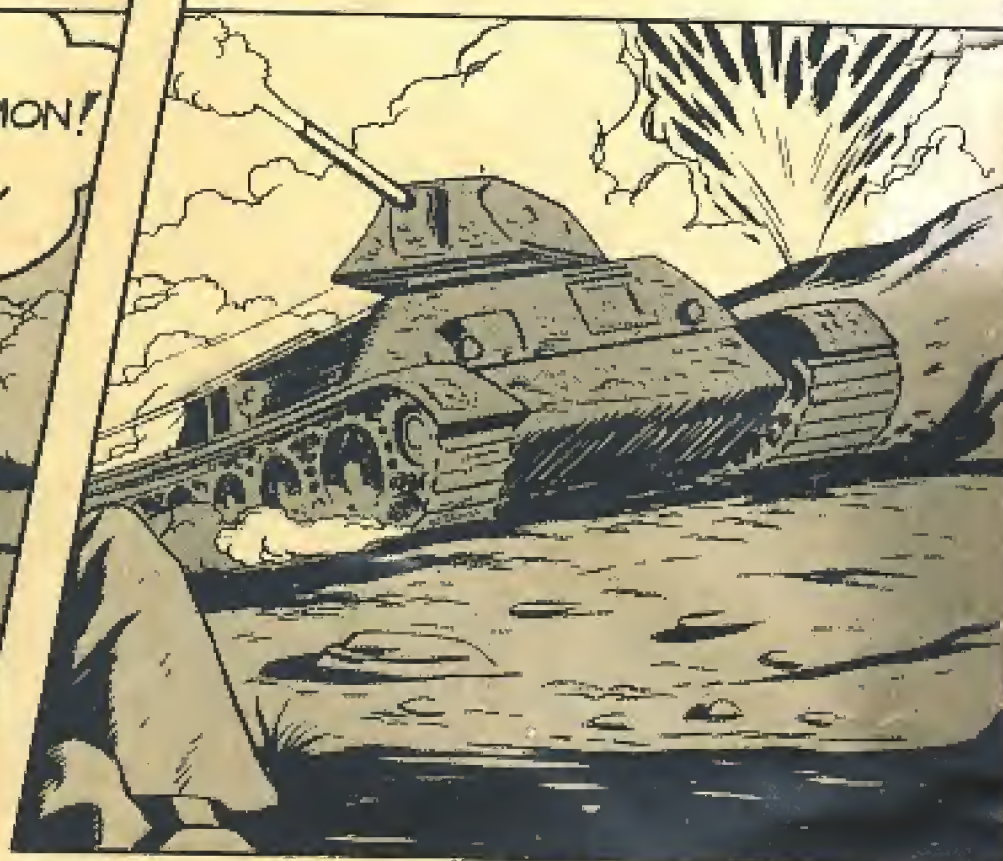
NEW WAR WEAPONS

THE "RAM" TANKBUSTER

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE KOREAN WAR, THE RUSSIAN-MADE NORTH KOREAN TANKS SEEMED IMPREGNABLE! THEY COULDN'T BE STOPPED BY THE USUALLY RELIABLE BAZOOKA OF WORLD WAR II!



AND THIS WAS THE PATTERN-- WITH NORTH KOREAN ARMOR ROLLING ALMOST UNHAMPERED...



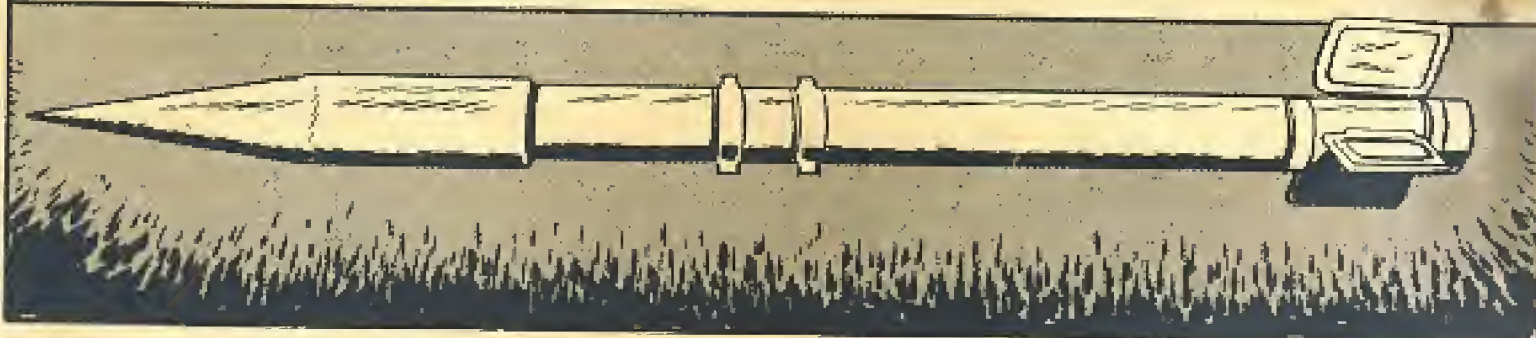
THEN, ON AUGUST 3, 1950, SOMETHING NEW TOOK PLACE IN THE AIR OVER KOREA. A CORSAIR FIGHTER LAUNCHED A ROCKET AT A LUMBERING T-34, FAR BELOW....



AND THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENED! THE T-34 WAS LICKED BY THE INCREDIBLE NEW WEAPON... FORGED BY AMERICAN INGENUITY, A MIRACLE OF PLANNING!



THE NEW MIRACLE WEAPON WAS "THE RAM," DEADLIEST TANKBUSTER MADE! WITH THE HITTING POWER OF ITS NAME SAKE, THE RAM TAUGHT A LESSON THAT THE REDS WILL NEVER FORGET!



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G. I. JOE, No. 10, published bi-monthly by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 185 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois. William B. Ziff, Chairman of the Board; B. G. Davis, President; Vice Presidents—Michael H. Froelich, Director Eastern Division; H. J. Morganroth, Production Director; Lynn Phillips, Jr., Advertising Director; H. G. Strong, Circulation Director. A. T. Pullen, Secretary-Treasurer. Herman R. Bollin, Art Director. Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Jerry Siegel, Director Comics Division. Single copies, 10c. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

G.I. Joe

PURR IT AGAIN,
LANA! WHY ARE YA
SO BLASTED
NUTS ABOUT ME?

WHY AM I YOUR
SLAVE? BECAUSE
YOU'RE SO DEVILISHLY
HANDSOME... SO
STRONG... SO
CLEVER!!

WHERE THERE'S
A BATTLE TO
BE WON... OR AN
IRKSOME G.I. DETAIL,
SUCH AS K.P., TO BE
PERFORMED... THAT'S
WHERE YOU'LL FIND
THE MOST DARING
FIGHTER... AND THE
MOST CONSISTENT
GRIPER... IN THE
WORLD-- G.I. JOE!!

NOW AIN'T THAT A PRETTY
PICTURE! PVT. JOE
BURCH... ASLEEP AGAIN..
PROBABLY DREAMING
ABOUT HIS PET
HOLLYWOOD
PASSION... LANA
BURNER!

WAKE UP, YOU
HOMELY SLOB!
WE GOTTA GET
MOVIN', JOE...
FAST!

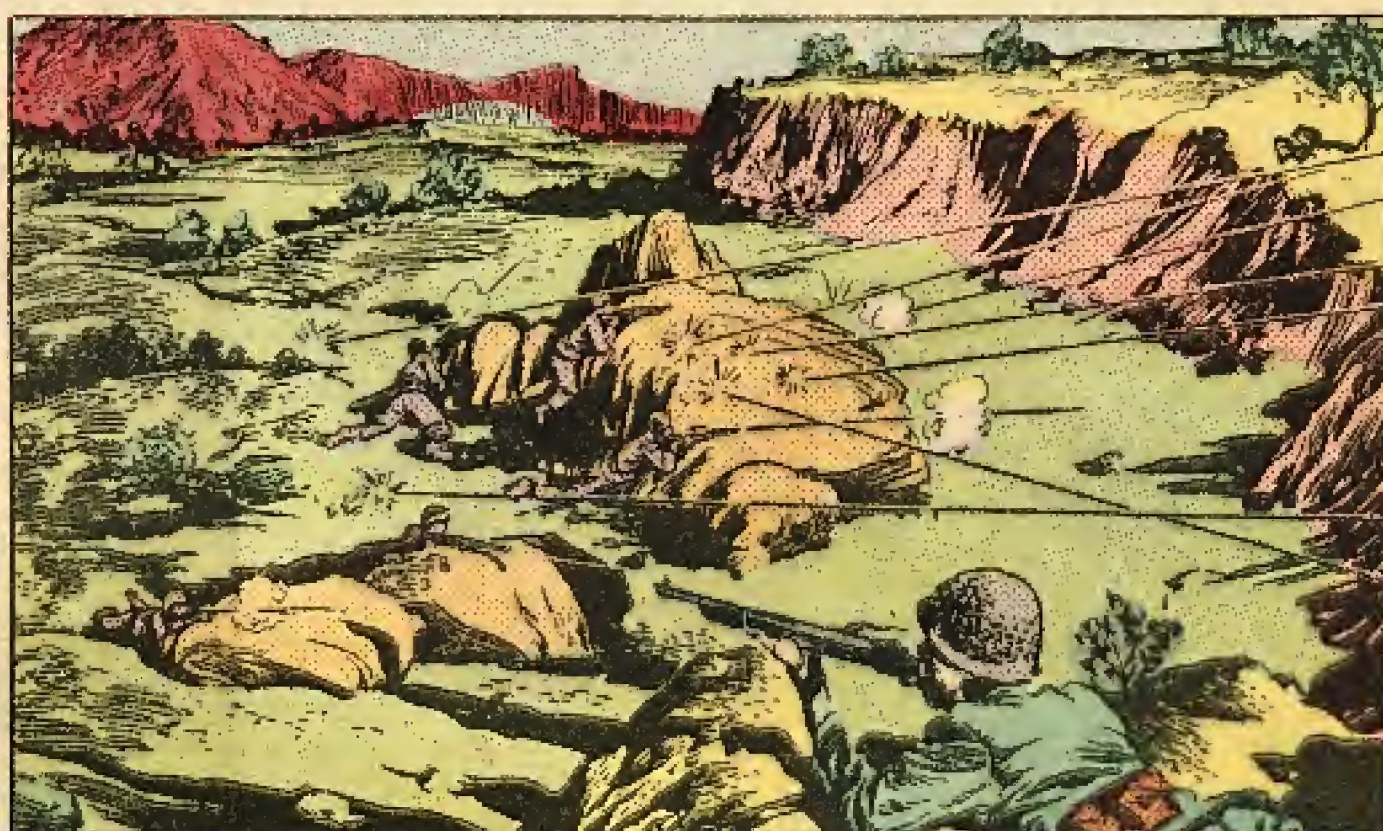
OKAY, SERGEANT
MULVANEY... OKAY!
BUT YOU JUST RUINED
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
ROMANCE...
EVEN IF IT WAS
ONLY A DREAM!

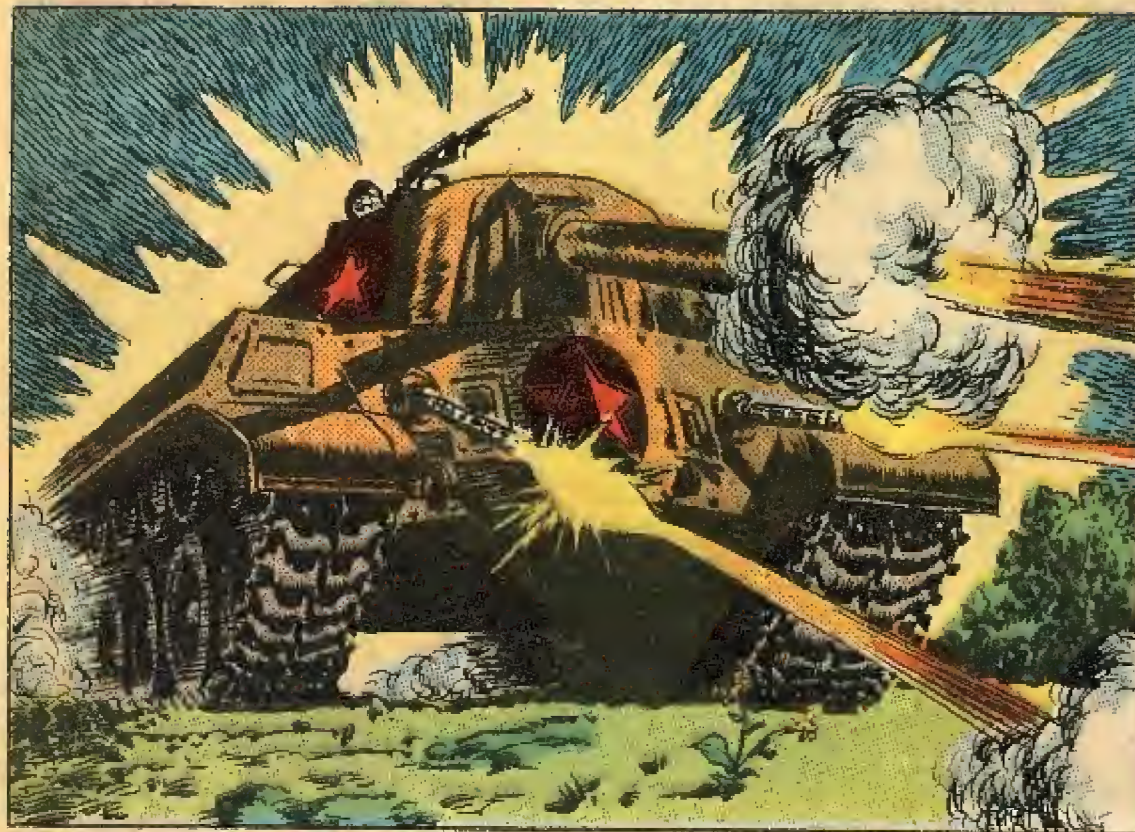




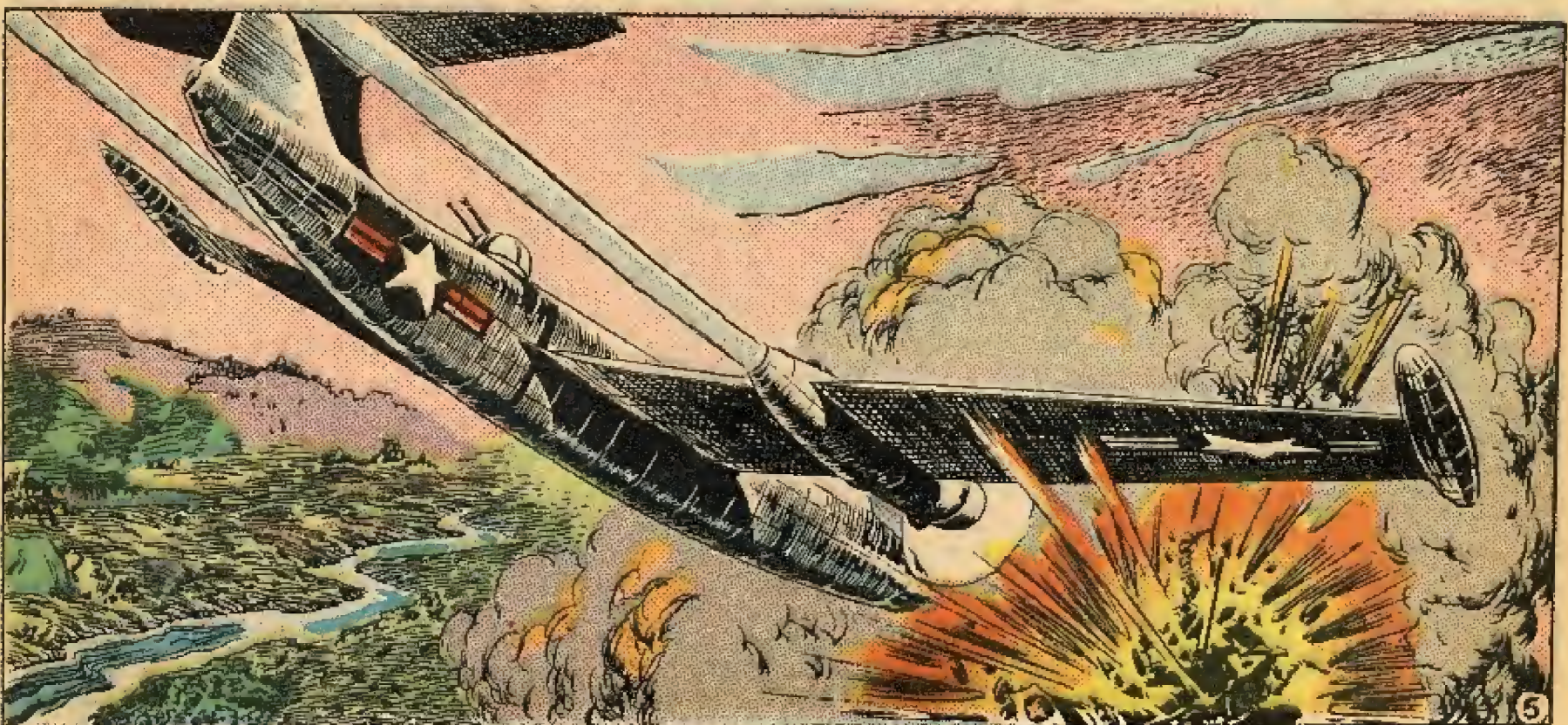
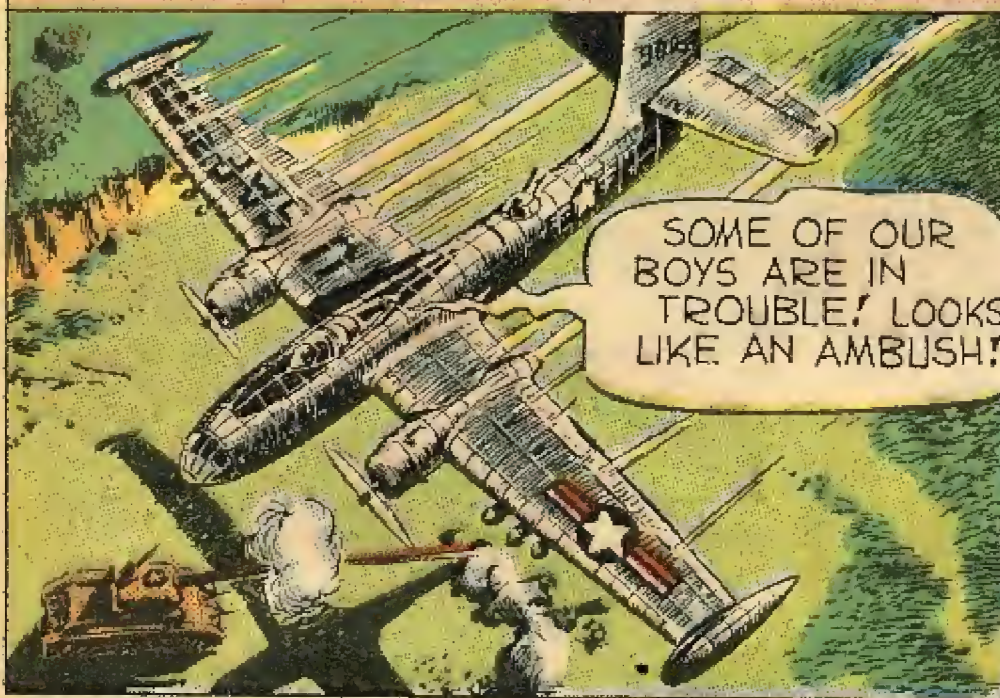


SGT. MULVANEY'S PATROL IS PINNED DOWN BY A CONTINUOUS BARRAGE OF ENEMY CROSSFIRE...





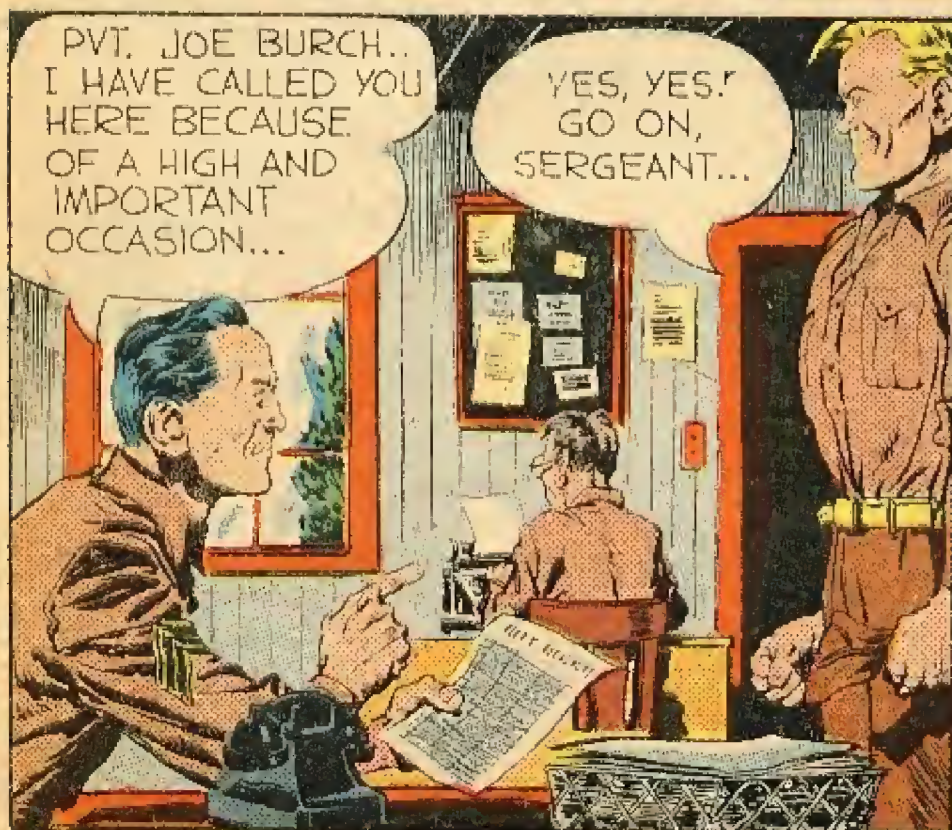
BUT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH A MIRACLE IS ON ITS WAY...





SHOOUTING, THE DOUGHFEET
CHARGE AT THE DISORGAN-
IZED FOE BLOCKING
THEIR RETREAT...





G.I. Joe

DIE, ACCURSED
YANKEE DOG!

NOT ME, COLONEL WAN-GOO!
MY PROMOTION TO PRIVATE
FIRST CLASS IS ABOUT DUE,
AN' **NOTHING** WILL STOP
ME FROM GETTIN' IT!

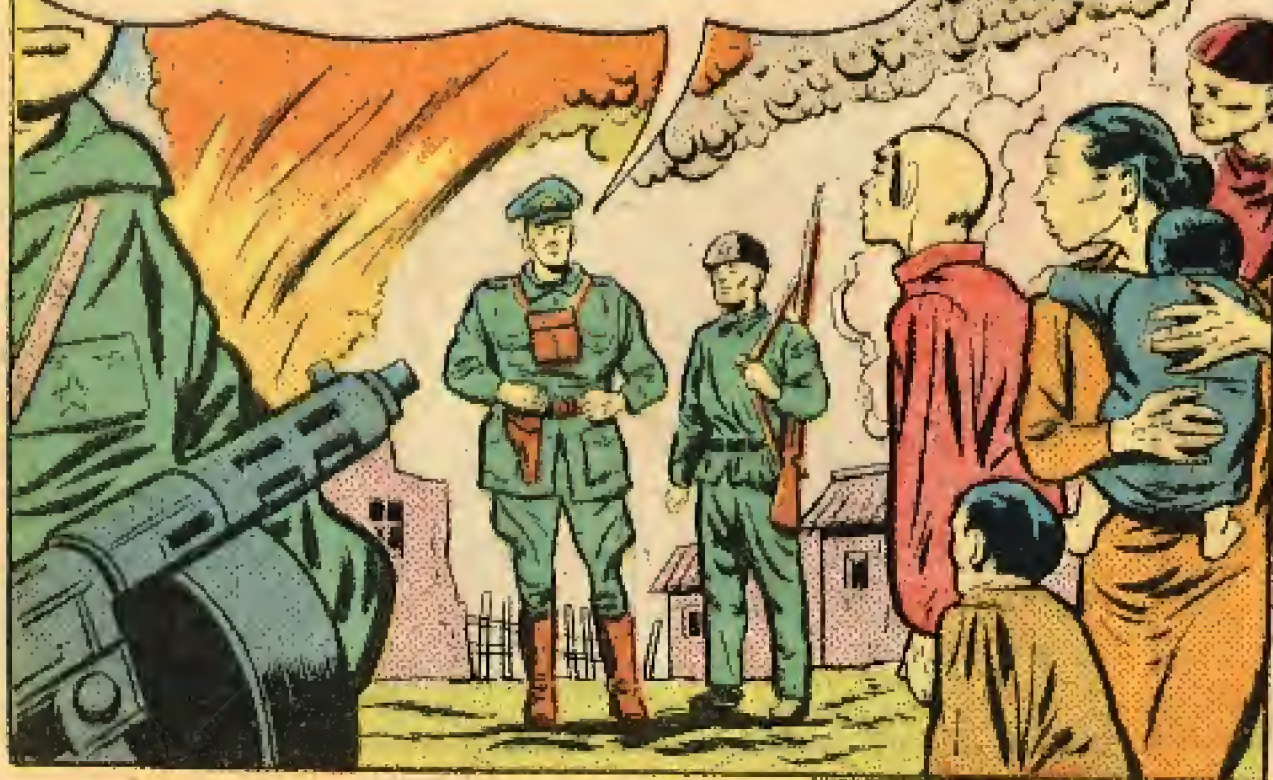
THE COMMIES HELD ALL THE ACES...
OR SO IT APPEARED THEY DID...
UNTIL TOUGH, DARING G.I. JOE
PULLED SOME WINNING CARDS
OUT OF HIS SLEEVE TO OUTWIT
THE VICIOUS, BARBAROUS...

RED DEVILS OF KOREA!

IN THE CENTER OF A SMALL, SACKED SOUTH KOREAN VILLAGE,
COLONEL WAN-GOO, A RED COMMANDER, CONTEMPTUOUSLY
VIEWS THE CAPTIVE VILLAGERS...

SWINE! ONLY HOURS AGO, YOU HELPED THE AMERICANS
DEFEND YOUR VILLAGE! WE DROVE THEM OUT! I SHOULD
COMMAND MY MEN TO SLAUGHTER ALL OF YOU... BUT WE
REDS OF THE NORTH ARE MERCIFUL...

INSTEAD, WE WILL PERMIT YOU TO REDEEM YOUR-
SELVES BY LEADING OUR ATTACK ON THE
RETREATING AMERICANS! OF COURSE,
YOU WILL BE UNARMED... AND THE
TENDER-HEARTED AMERICANS
WILL UNDOUBTEDLY
HOLD THEIR FIRE...
WHICH SHOULD GIVE
OUR NOBLE SOLDIERS
THE ADVANTAGE!





NO! YOU CANNOT GO THROUGH WITH THIS HORRIBLE ACT OF BARBARISM!

AND WHO ARE **YOU**, OLD MAN?



I AM CHINDU, MAYOR OF THE VILLAGE, AND THAT IS MY SON YAN... **RIEE!**

YOU ARE NOW THE **EX-MAYOR!**

(**"MURDERER!"**)

QUIET, OR YOU WILL BE KILLED, TOO!



ANYONE ELSE DARE COMPLAIN...MAN, WOMAN, OR CHILD? NO? THAT IS FINE! GO, NOW... AND BURY YOUR DEAD!



WHY, THAT NO-GOOD, BLANKETY-BLANK LOUSE! LEMME GO! I'LL...

SILENCE! USE YOUR HEAD, OR YOU WILL BE DISCOVERED!

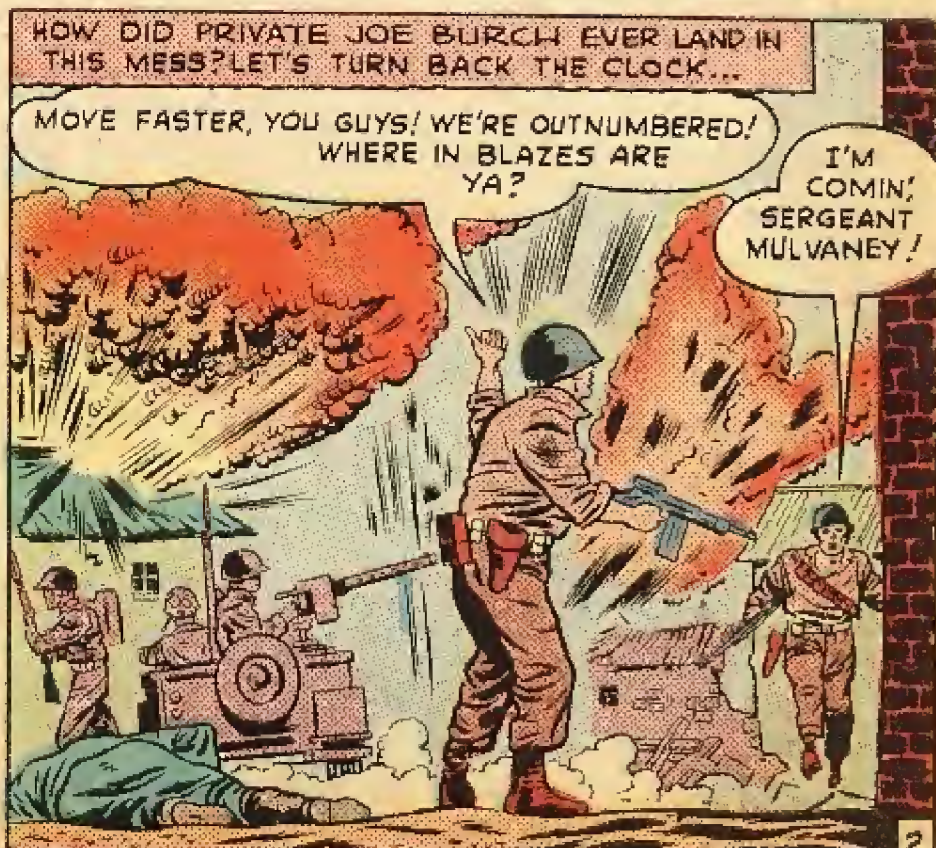


THE "NATIVE" IS NONE OTHER THAN G.I. JOE!

WE WILL

HAVE OUR REVENGE BUT THE TIME IS NOT RIPE...YET!

THE DIRTY KILLER! COLONEL WAN-GOO WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS CRIME! OKAY, I'LL SHUT UP!



HOW DID PRIVATE JOE BURCH EVER LAND IN THIS MESS? LET'S TURN BACK THE CLOCK...

MOVE FASTER, YOU GUYS! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED! WHERE IN BLAZES ARE YA?

I'M COMIN' SERGEANT MULVANEY!

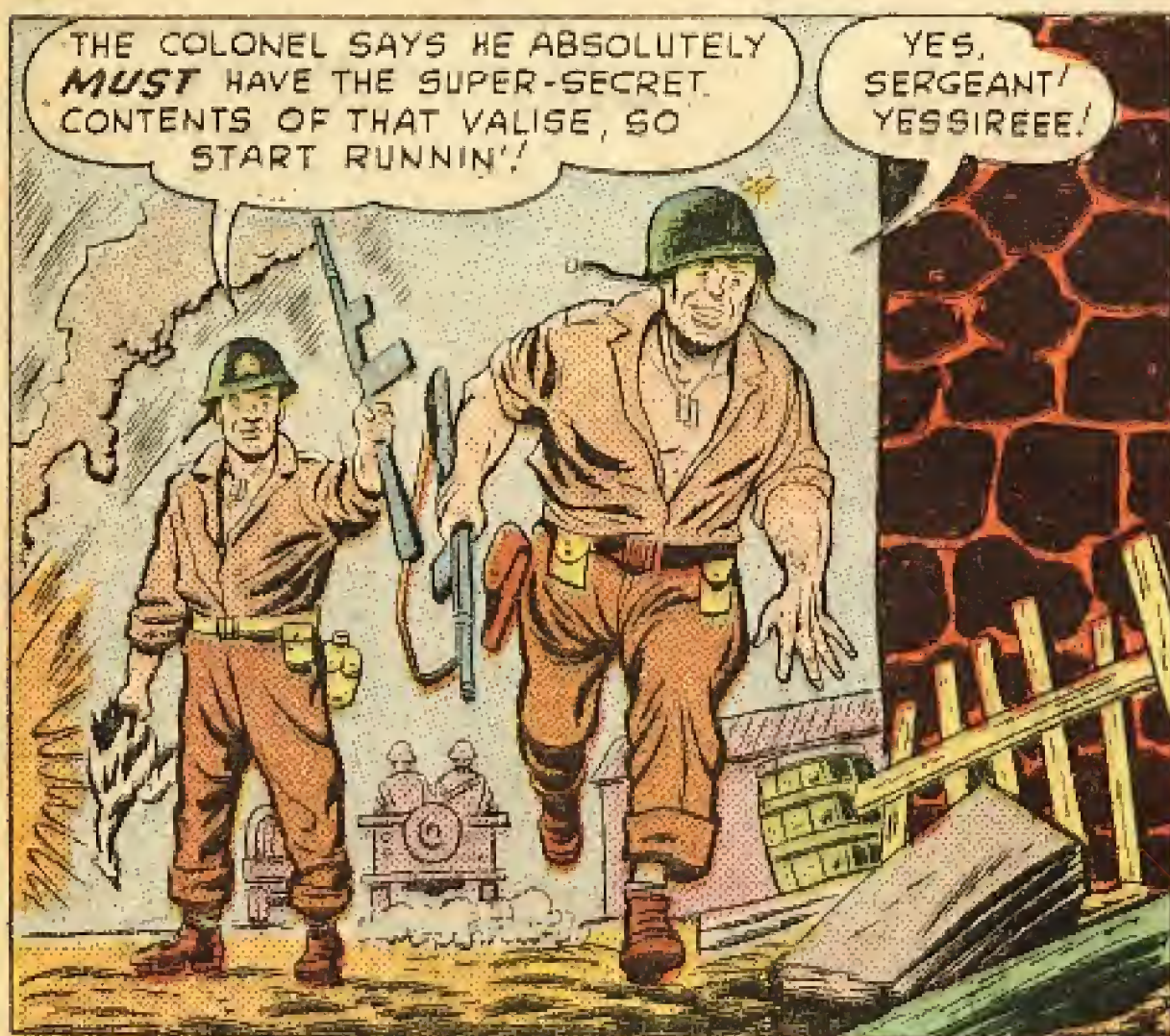


AN' WOT TARNATION ARE YOU DOIN' WITH THAT ROOSTER?

WELL, YOU SEE, SERGEANT MULVANEY, I JUST HAPPENED TO ACCIDENTLY COME ACROSS THE CRITTER! HE LOOKED LONELY. IT OCCURED TO ME THAT THE LITTLE CHAP MIGHT BE HAPPIER IF HE KNEW I WOULD FRY HIM FOR CHOW...



HERE, WE'RE ALL ABOUT TO BE SLAUGHTERED, AN' ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IS YOUR STOMACH! GIMME THAT ROOSTER, AN' GO BACK AFTER COLONEL IRONSIDES' VALISE MARKED "X" IN HIS TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS!



THE COLONEL SAYS HE ABSOLUTELY **MUST** HAVE THE SUPER-SECRET CONTENTS OF THAT VALISE, SO START RUNNIN'!

YES, SERGEANT! YESSIRREE!



WHY SHOULD YOU SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO A LOWLY BUCK PRIVATE, WHEN YOU CAN SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO **ME**, A SERGEANT?

SQUAAWK!



THERE YOU ARE! C'MON DOWN... OOPS!



LATER, G.I. JOE REVIVES...

WOT HIT ME? I REMEMBER! I WAS REACHIN' FOR THAT VALISE FULL OF THE COLONEL'S IMPORTANT SECRETS, WHEN IT FELL ON ME!



THE COLONEL'S SECRET IS... HIS SPARE TOUPEES!!!



IT'S QUIET OUTSIDE... STRANGELY QUIET! I BETTER GO SEE WHAT'S GOIN' OUT THERE!



HE'S DEAD! FUNNY I DON'T HEAR ANY MORE SHOOTIN' OUTSIDE! I BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK!

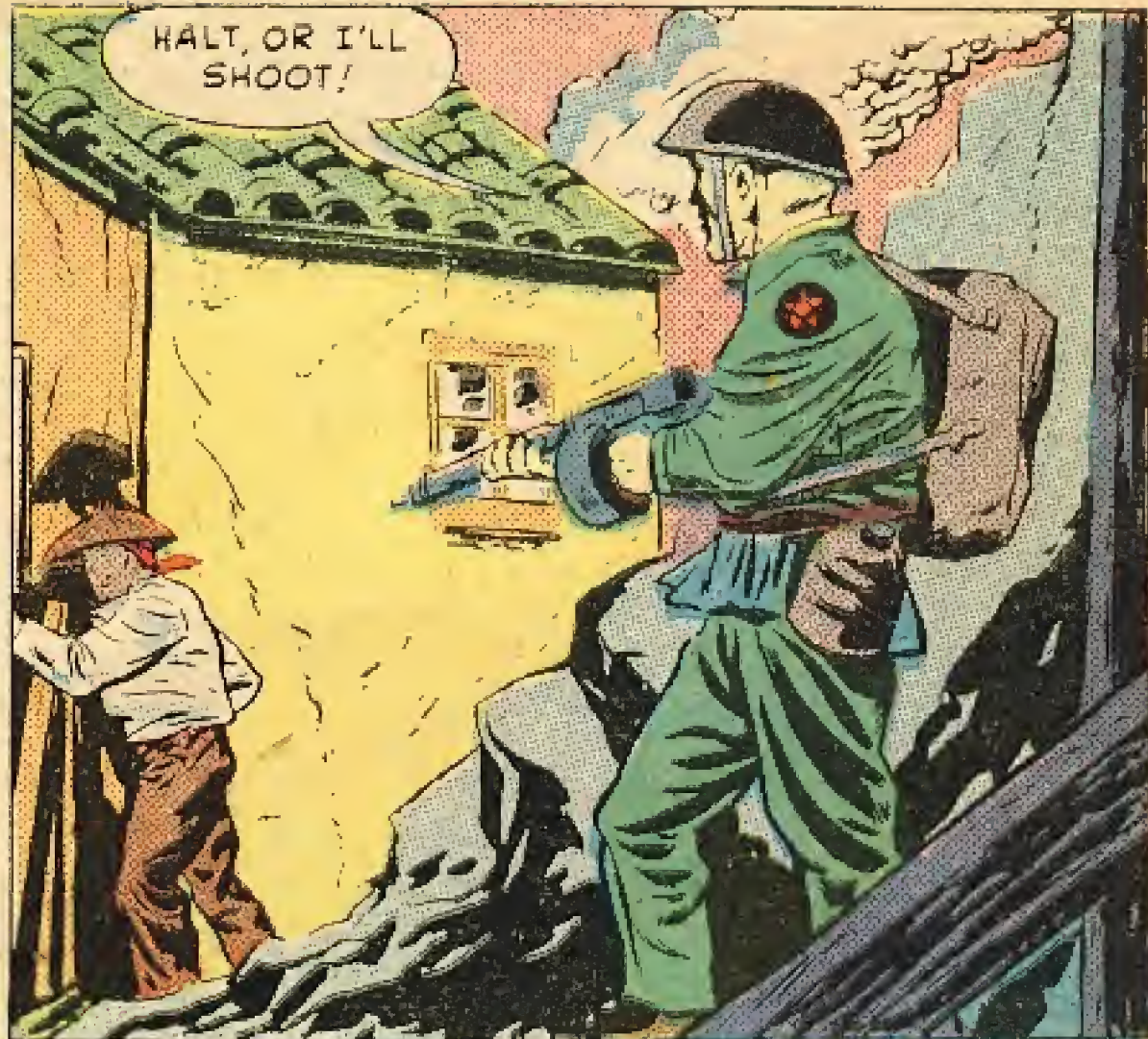
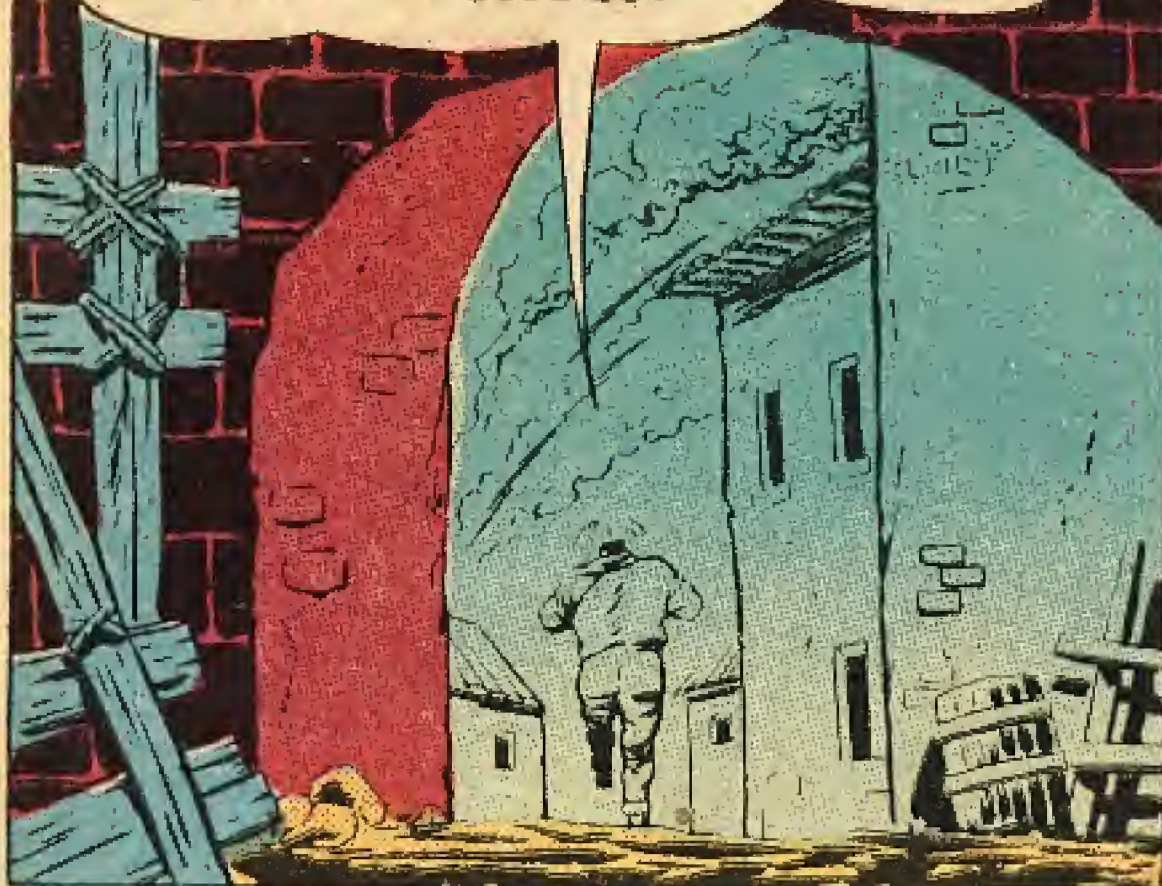


REDS! THE TOWN IS SWARMIN' WITH 'EM... YEOW! I'M THE ONLY LIVE G.I. IN TOWN... AN' UNLESS I THINK O' SUMPIN' FAST, I WON'T BE ALIVE, EITHER!



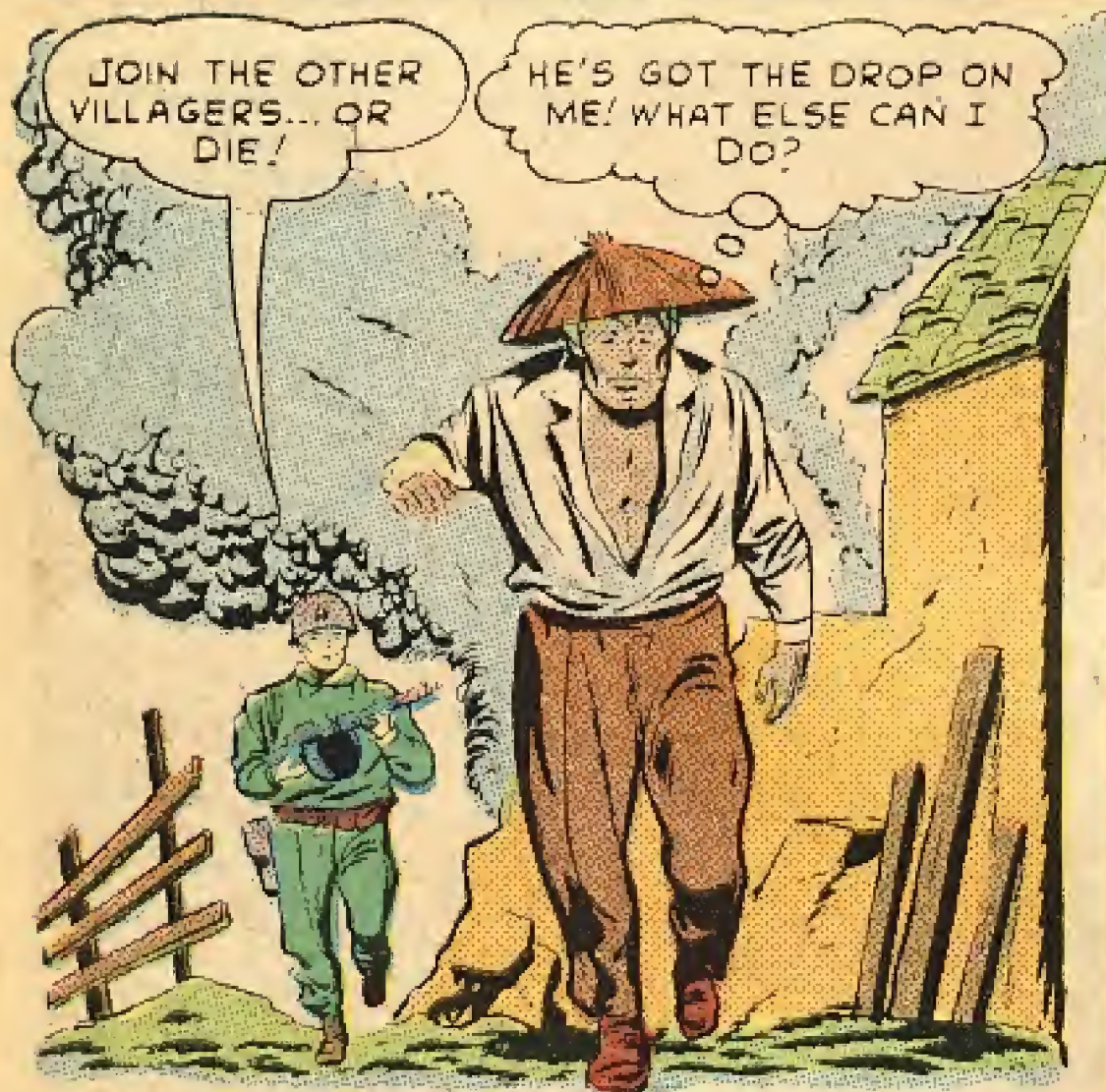
G.I. JOE SWITCHES GARMENTS WITH THE SLAIN VILLAGER, THEN DARKENS HIS SKIN WITH SOIL...

NOW TO SLIP INTO THE WOODS AN' HIGHTAIL IT BACK TO MY BUDDIES!



JOIN THE OTHER VILLAGERS... OR DIE!

HE'S GOT THE DROP ON ME! WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?



WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE PRESENT, AND EXPLAINS HOW G.I. JOE HAPPENS TO BE WITH HOSTAGE KOREANS, DISGUISED AS ONE OF THEM!

I GOT AN IDEA! I'LL PASS THE WORD ALONG!



I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE WE BURIED SOME GRENADES, YAN... AND OTHER AMMO... JUST IN CASE WE HAD TO PULL OUT TOO FAST TO TAKE 'EM ALONG...

WE'LL DIG THEM UP.. AND CONCEAL THEM ON US... WHILE BURYING OUR DEAD! THEN, WHEN YOU GIVE ME THE SIGNAL... WE'LL ATTACK!



UNDER THE UNSUSPECTING EYES OF THE GUARDS, THE TOILING VILLAGERS, ARM THEMSELVES WITH HAND GRENADES, AND OTHER SMALL ARMS...



COLONEL WAN-GOO, COME TO GLOAT OVER THE VILLAGERS' PLIGHT COLLIDES WITH TOILING G.I. JOE!

CLUMSY IDIOT!



I SHOULD SHOOT YOU DEAD!

OWW!

FROM HERE ON, COLONEL WAN-GOO, THIS FEUD IS GOIN' TO BE **PERSONAL!**



LATER--AS THE VILLAGERS MARCH TOWARD THE AMERICAN LINES, PRODDED ON BY THE RUTHLESS FOE...

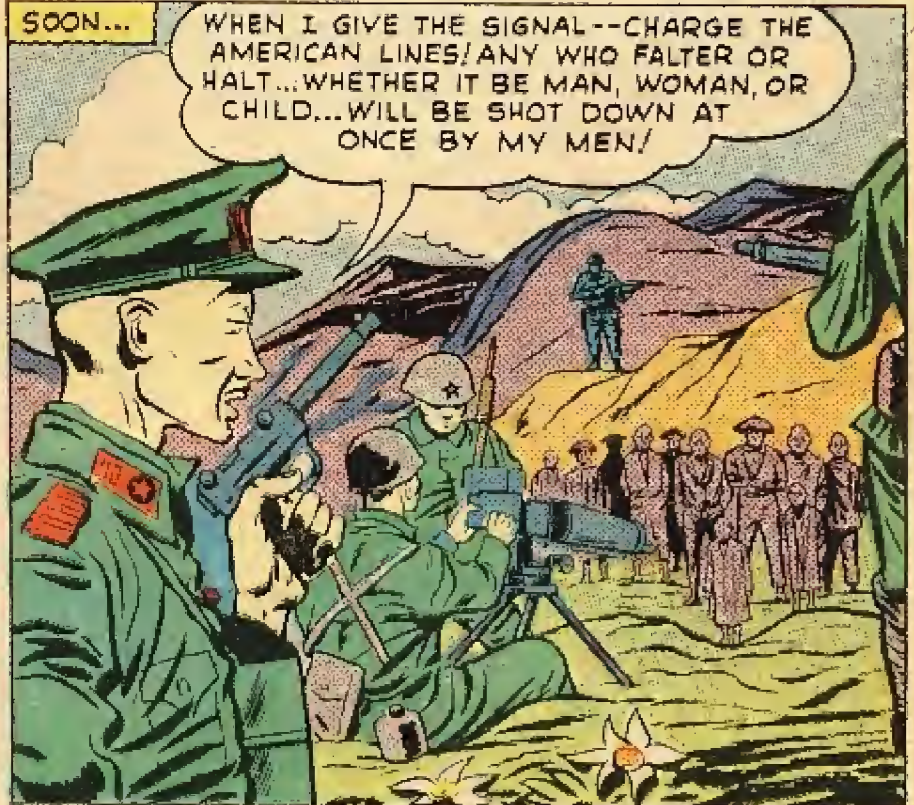
NOW?

NOT NOW!



SOON...

WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL--CHARGE THE AMERICAN LINES! ANY WHO FALTER OR HALT...WHETHER IT BE MAN, WOMAN, OR CHILD...WILL BE SHOT DOWN AT ONCE BY MY MEN!



NOW! GO!!!

YOU HEARD HIM! NOW!!



YEAH-AAGH! TREACHERY!

ATTA BOY! GIVE IT TO THEM BUMS!!!



AND IN THE AMERICAN LINES...

SOMETHING CRAZY IS HAPPENING TO THE ENEMY! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES!

THIS MAY BE OUR OPPORTUNITY TO TURN THE TIDE IN OUR FAVOR, THOUGH OUTNUMBERED! **ATTACK!!!**

AS OUR G.I.'S CHARGE INTO THE FRAY, IN BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT THE BATTLEFIELD BECOMES THE SCENE OF A TITANIC STRUGGLE FOR LIFE-AND-DEATH...



GIVEN EVEN THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE FOR VICTORY, OUR OUTNUMBERED FIGHTERS CANNOT BE STOPPED!



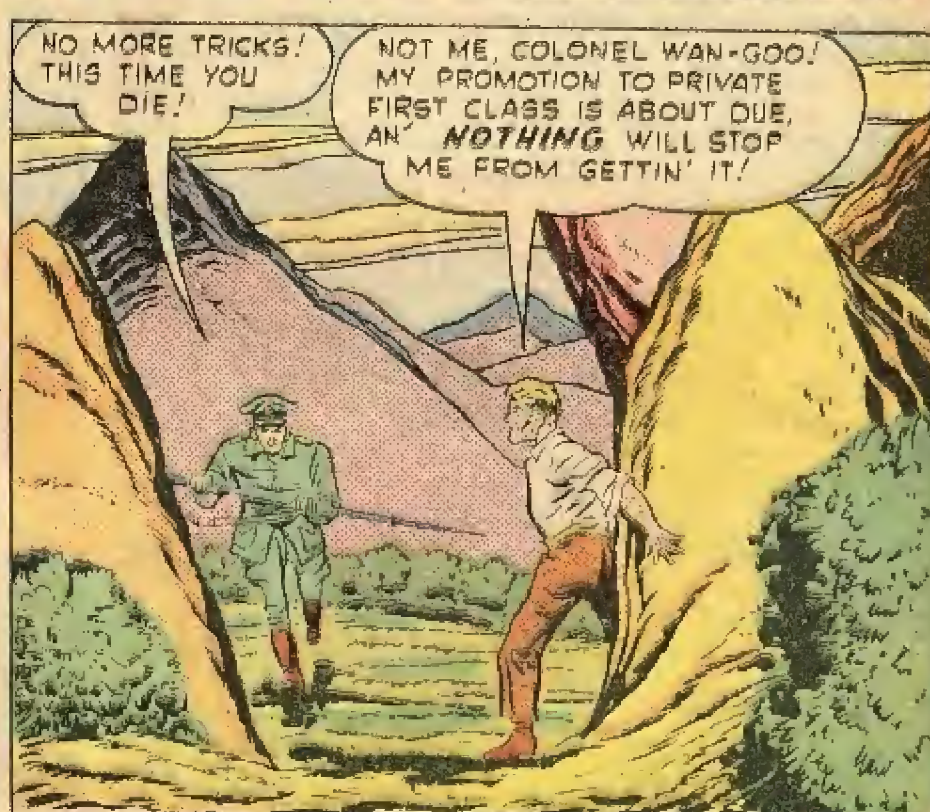
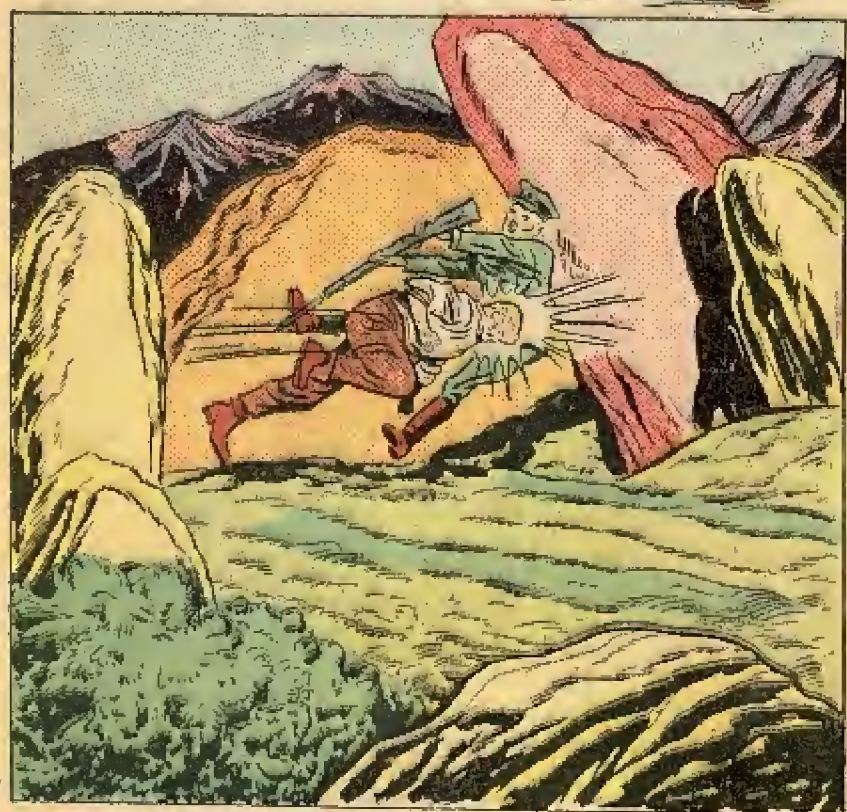
WE'RE LOSING! I'LL FLEE...SAVE MY SKIN...SO I CAN FIGHT ANOTHER DAY FOR MY RED MASTERS!

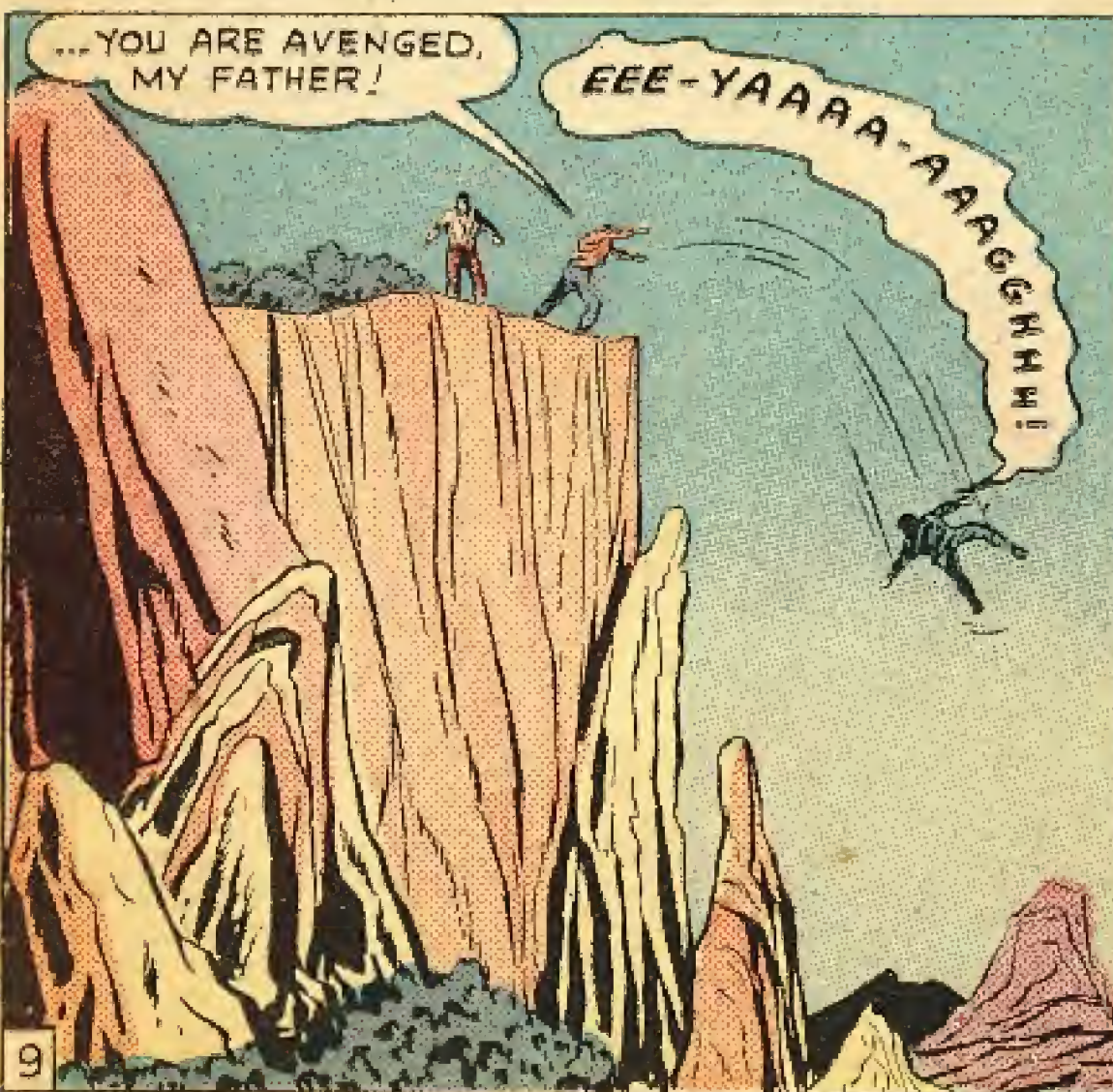
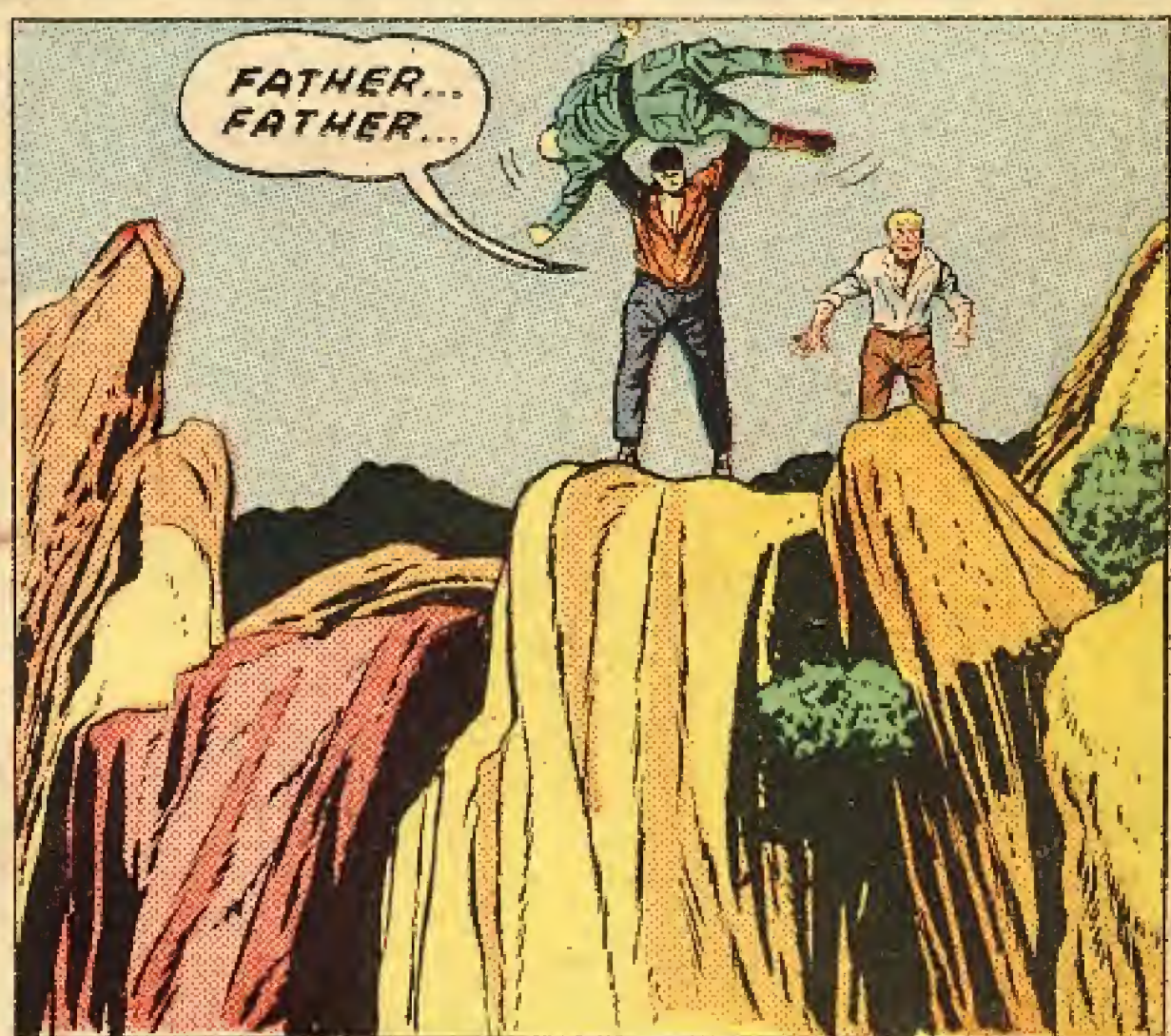


WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T MY LITTLE CHUM... WHO GAVE ME THAT KICK IN THE SLATS! IT'S SO NICE MEETING YOU!

OUT OF MY WAY!







THE TWO YARDBIRDS

L-LOOK, WINDY! TH-THERE'S TWO STRANGE GUYS UP AHEAD! WH--WHAT DO WE D--DO?

E--EASY, DOES IT, KID! WE'LL JUST HOLD OUR GROUND AND LET TH--THEM MAKE THE FIRST MOVE!

"GUARD DUTY"

De Carlo
and
Lepick

DISPLAYING TYPICAL TEAMWORK, FT. DUNCAN PVTS. WINDY BRAGG AND WHITEY HICKS ARE SPLITTING A K.P. DETAIL IN COMPANY D'S MESSHALL! AS USUAL, WHITEY DOES THE WORK WHILE WINDY SUPERVISES.

LIKE I SAY, KID, YOU STICK CLOSE TO ME AND YOU'LL GO PLACES IN THIS MAN'S ARMY!

MAYBE SO, WINDY, BUT THE WAY SGT. GRUFF KEEPS AFTER US YOU'D THINK WE WERE THE ENEMY, OR SOMETHIN'!

DON'T LET THAT GRUFF THROW YA, WHITEY! THEY'RE ALL ALIKE! LOTS OF BARK BUT NO BITE!





NO BITE, EH?

D-DON'T GET ME WRONG, SARGE! I WAS ONLY...



SHOOTIN' YOUR BIG MOUTH OFF, AS USUAL! WE'LL GET TO YOU LATER! RIGHT NOW, BOTH OF YA GET OUTA THEM FATIGUES AND INTA CLASS 'A' UNIFORMS! COL. STONE'S PULLIN' A INSPECTION AND EVERY MAN'S TO BE PRESENT! **SO HOP TO IT!**



AND AS THEY MAKE THEIR CHANGE...

DID YA NOTICE HOW I HANDLED HIM, KID? LIKE ICE... COOL AS YA PLEASE!

UH-HUH, BUT WE'D BETTER GET MOVIN'! EVERYONE'S FALLIN' OUT ALREADY!



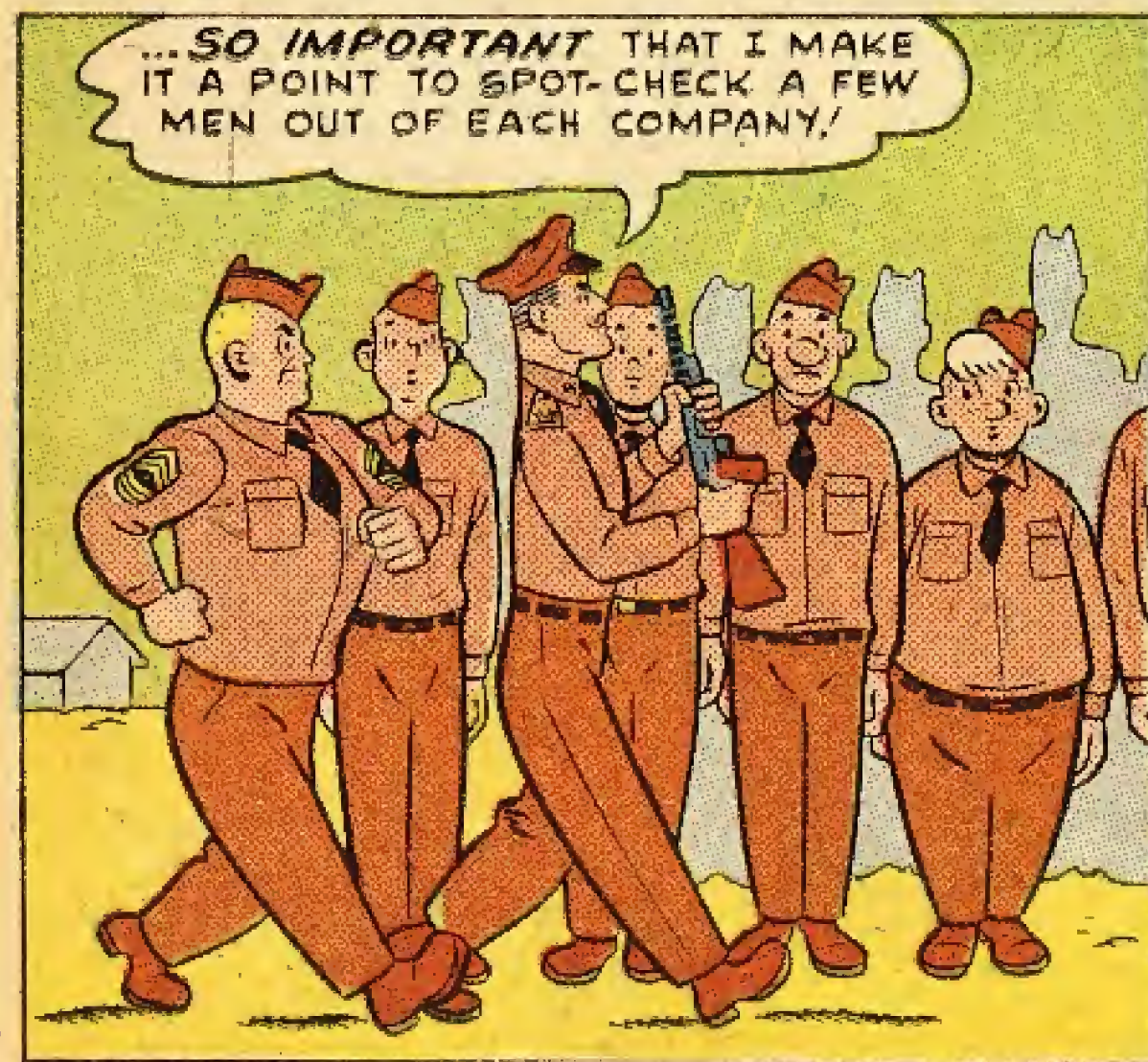
A SHORT WHILE LATER...

COMPANY "D" ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR!

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT... I'M GOING TO TEST YOUR MEN!



MEN, YOU'RE ALL FAMILIAR WITH THIS PIECE. SGT. GRUFF TELLS ME YOU'VE FIRED IT ON THE RANGE AND HAVE RECEIVED INSTRUCTION IN ITS DISMANTLING! AN IMPORTANT PROCEDURE...



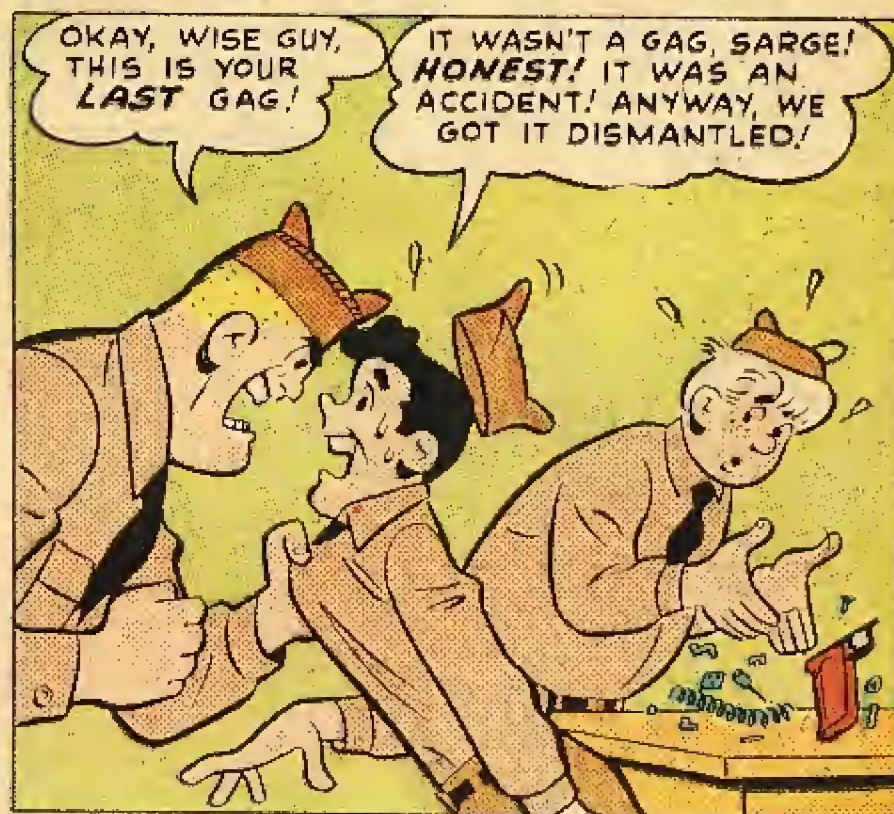
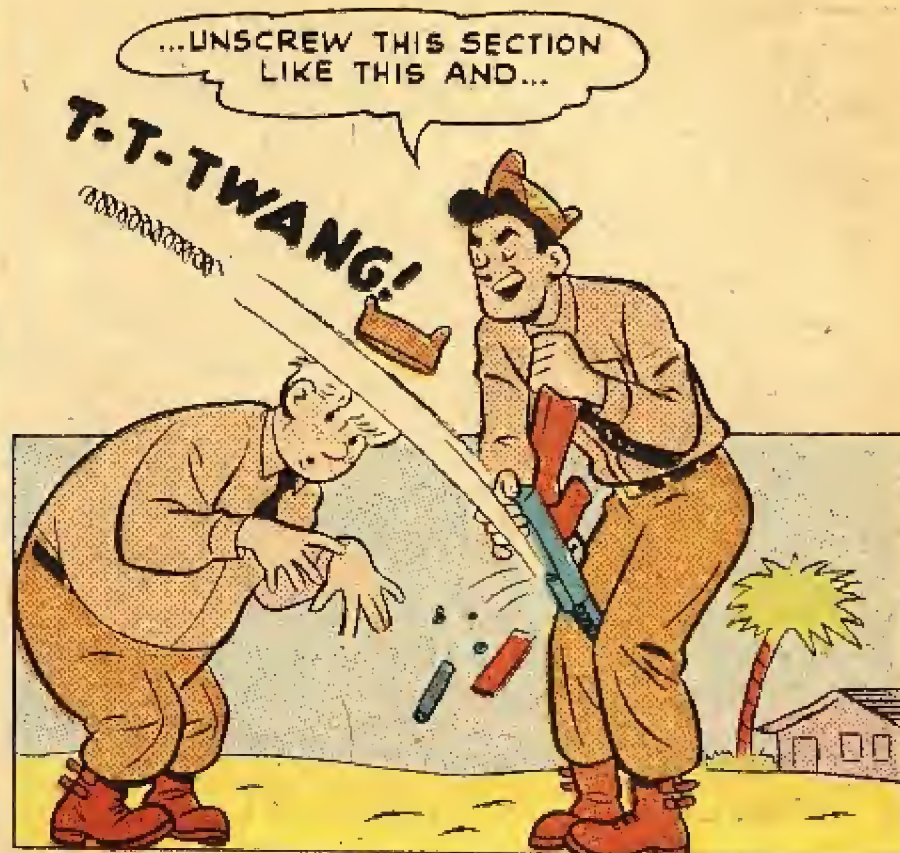
...SO IMPORTANT THAT I MAKE IT A POINT TO SPOT-CHECK A FEW MEN OUT OF EACH COMPANY!

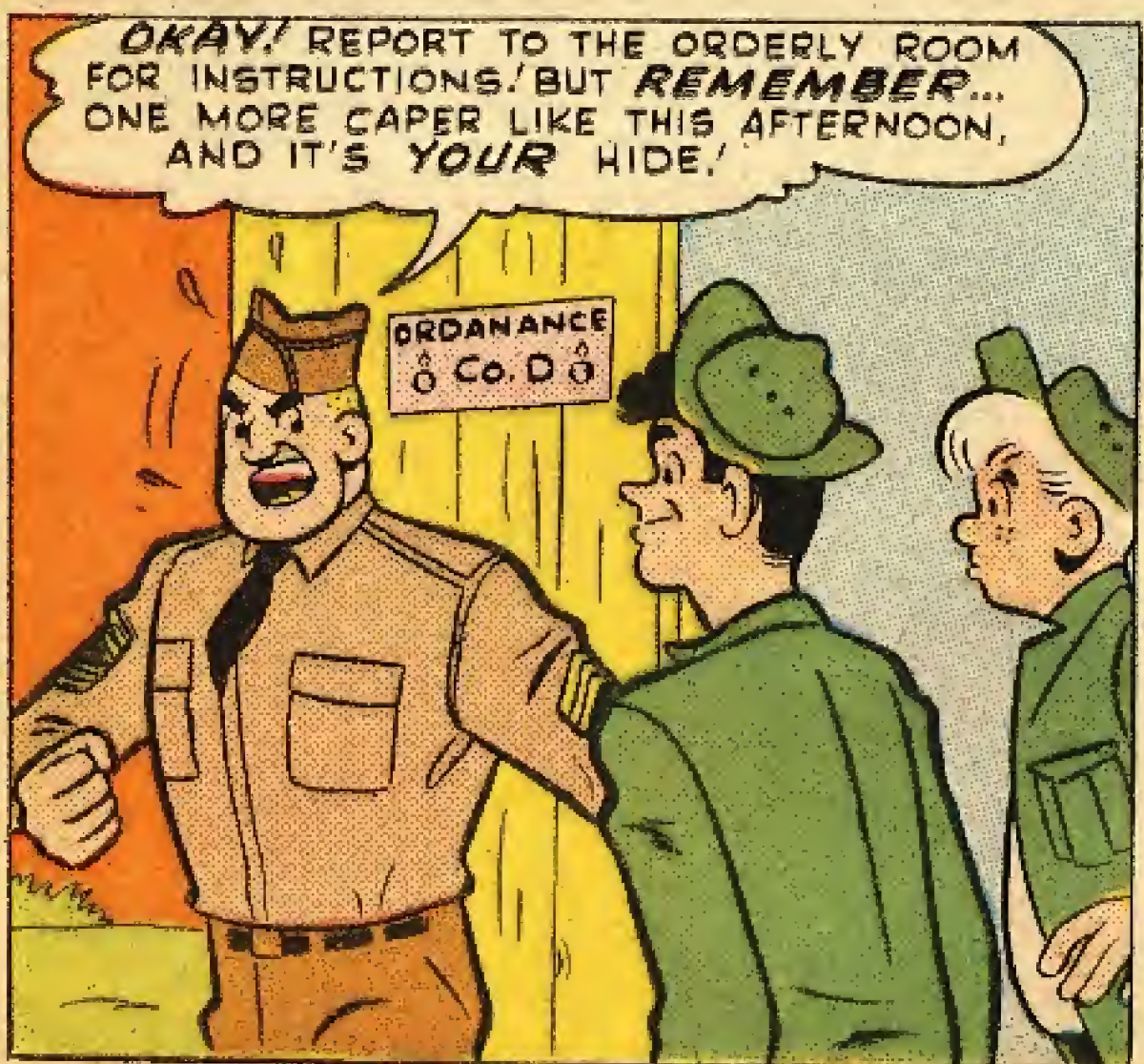
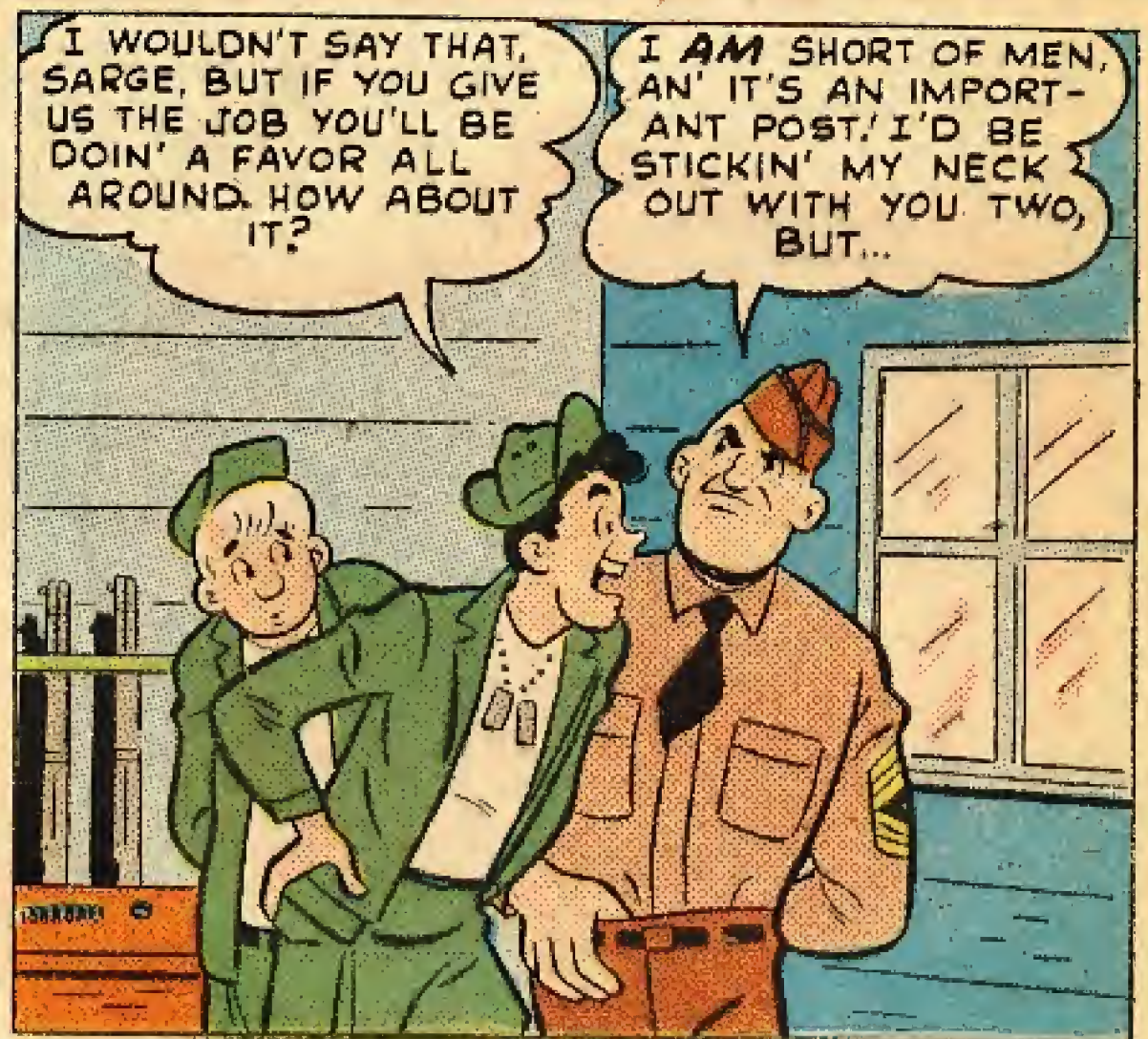
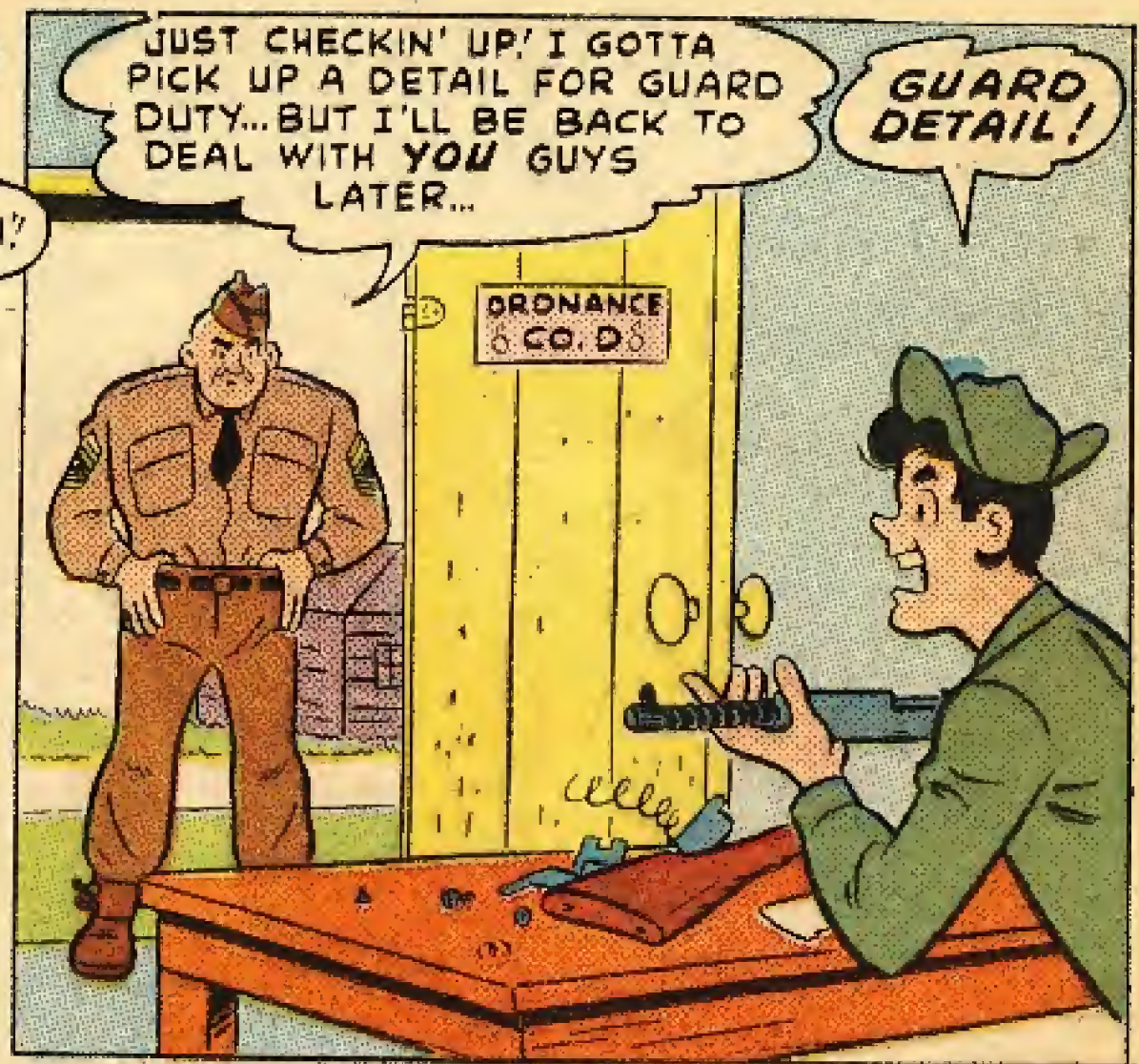


YOU TWO! STEP FORWARD AND **STRIP** IT DOWN!

G-GROAN!

YES, SIR!

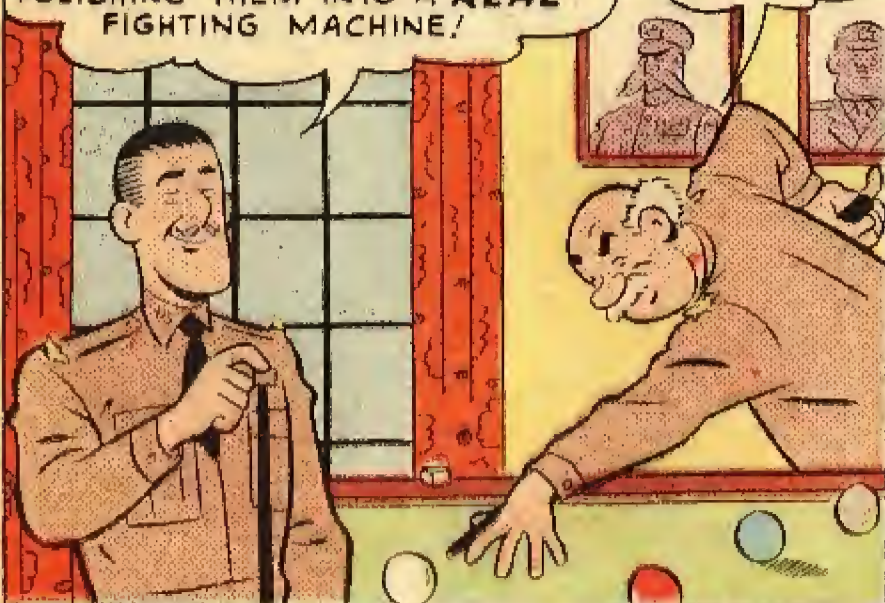




THAT NIGHT IN FORT DUNCAN'S OFFICER'S CLUB...

GOT A PRETTY GOOD BATCH OF MATERIAL IN COMPANY "D"! THERE'S ONE OR TWO ROUGH SPOTS, OF COURSE...BUT WE'RE RAPIDLY POLISHING THEM INTO A **REAL** FIGHTING MACHINE!

I'VE HEARD DIFFERENT, COLONEL!



RIDICULOUS! MY BOYS ARE KEEN, ALERT, WIDE AWAKE... AND I CAN PROVE IT!

HOW?



IT HAPPENS THAT I HAVE A GUARD DETAIL AT NORTH BEACH! NOW IF WE WERE TO ENTER THE AREA FROM A POINT OFF SHORE, INSTEAD OF LAND, IT WOULD BE A **REAL** TEST OF THEIR ALERTNESS!

YOU'RE ON, COLONEL! I'LL PROVIDE THE ROWBOAT!



AND ON THE POST AT NORTH BEACH...

BOY, I'M POOPED, WINDY! I HAVE TO REST!

YA CAN'T SIT DOWN, WHITEY--NOT ON GUARD DUTY! THINK OF SOME THING ELSE!



SHUCKS, WINDY! I'M SO WORE OUT... I CAN'T THINK!

BOY, OH BOY, KID! YOU SURE NEED **ME** TO LOOK AFTER YA!

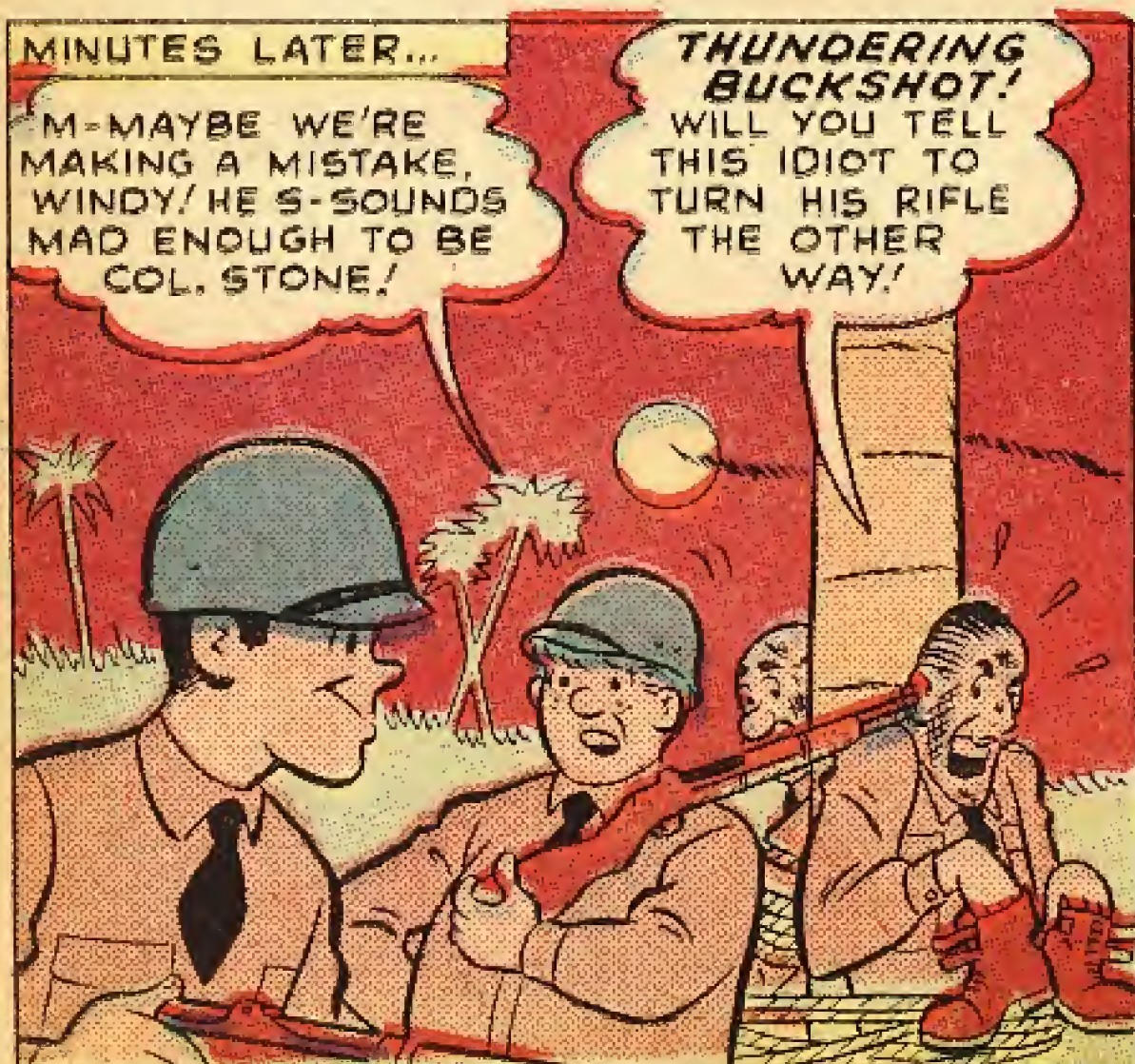


AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR FROM SHORE...

TAKING OFF OUR INSIGNIA AND BLACKENING OUR FACES, WAS A GOOD IDEA! MAKES THE TEST ALL THE MORE **REAL!**

SHHH-KH! WE'RE ALMOST THERE! WE'LL TAKE OFF OUR SHOES AND WADE IN REAL QUIET-LIKE!

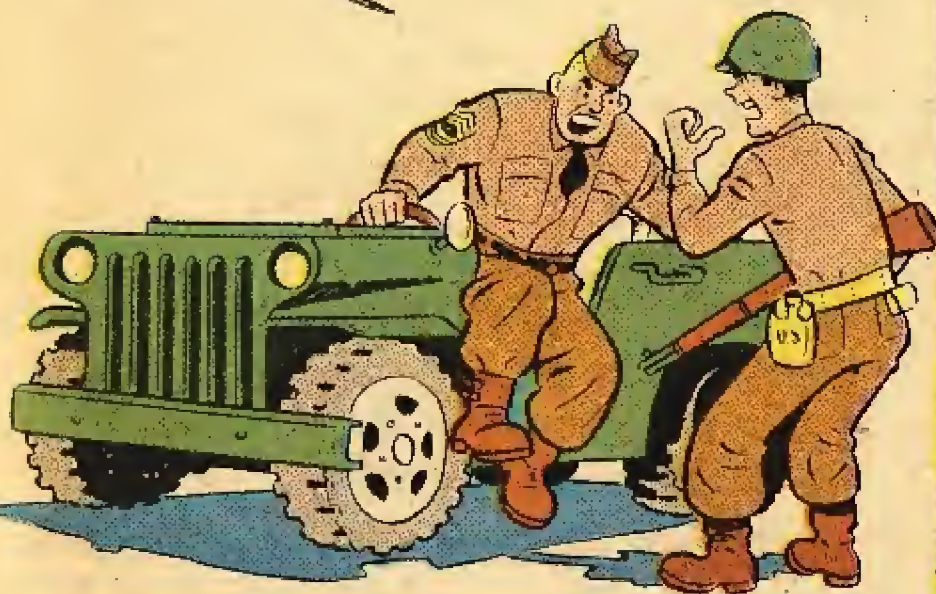




TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT SPIES?

THERE THEY ARE, SARGE! WE SURE DID IT RIGHT!



C-COLONEL STONE!

GRUFF! GET US OUT OF HERE! UNTIE US BEFORE I...



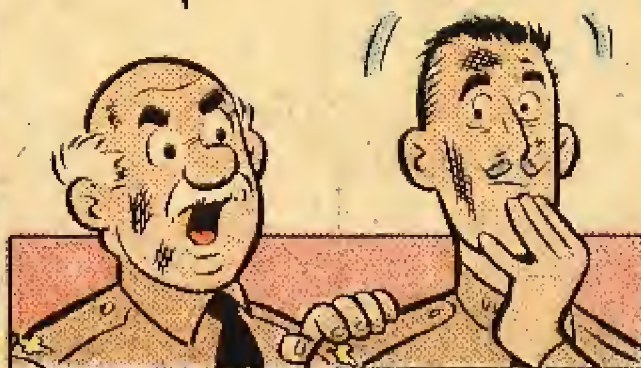
THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE SORRIEST...

I--IT WAS A MISTAKE, SIR! WE D-DIDN'T KNOW...



ONE MINUTE, COLONEL! IT'S MY OPINION THESE MEN WERE ON THE BALL! AFTER ALL, WE DID ENTER IN A SUSPICIOUS MANNER, AND THEY HAD EVERY RIGHT TO DO AS THEY DID! THEY'RE TO BE CONGRATULATED!

WHA...? SAY, YOU HAVE A POINT THERE, COLONEL GRAYSON!

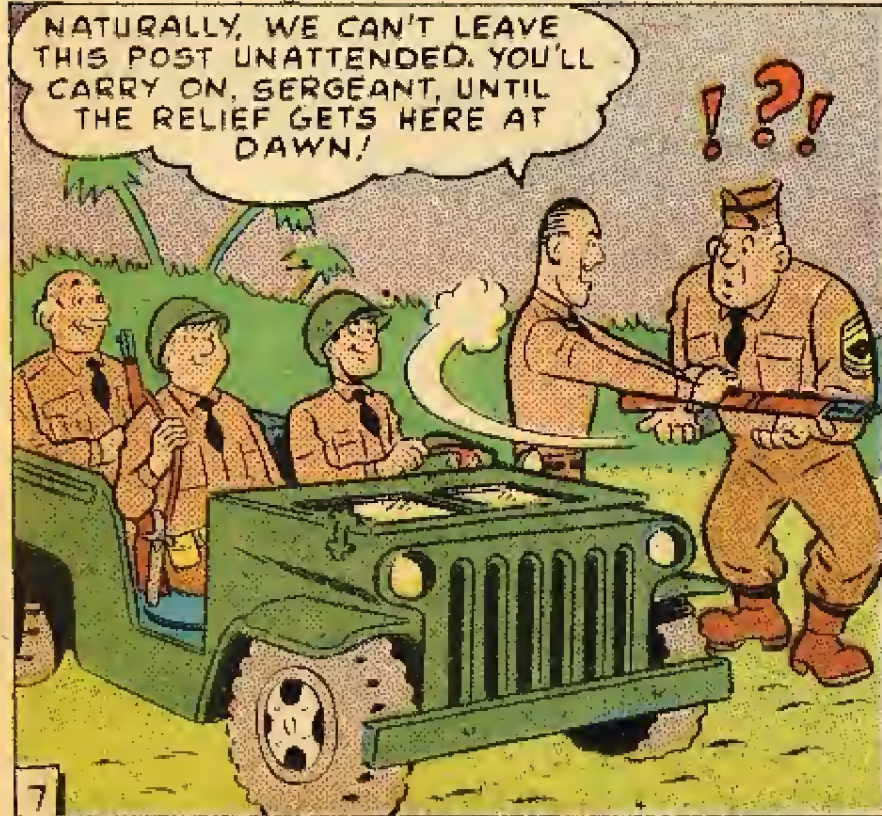


MEN, YOU'VE SHOWN EXCELLENT JUDGEMENT AND I'M PROUD OF YOU! WE'LL ALL RIDE BACK IN THE SERGEANT'S JEEP AND I'M GOING TO ISSUE EACH OF YOU A **THREE-DAY-PASS!**

THANK YOU, SIR!



NATURALLY, WE CAN'T LEAVE THIS POST UNATTENDED. YOU'LL CARRY ON, SERGEANT, UNTIL THE RELIEF GETS HERE AT DAWN!



DIDN'T I TELL YA WE'D BE IN SOLID, KID?

YA SURE DID, WINDY! YA SURE DID!



THE END

THE FIGHTING GENERAL

"They've got to get us out of it! They can't just leave us here!"

The sergeant wiped his mouth with the back of a grimy hand, glanced at the nervous young private beside him, hunching low in the shallow foxhole torn out of the hard Korean earth. "Take it easy," grunted the sergeant. "The big guy won't leave us here."

It was July 9, 1950. The sergeant and the private were part of a detachment of the 24th Infantry Division, cut off north of Taejon. The "big guy" was Major General William Fiske Dean, commanding the 24th. For three days the detachment had fallen back slowly along the main highway into Taejon, but at last North Koreans, slipping down from the hills, had cut off their escape.

Suddenly a dungareed soldier, helmet pulled low, scrambled over the hard ground and slid into the foxhole. "Enemy armor, sarge," he grated. "Moving down along the road."

"Let's get out the old pick and shovel," said the sergeant, turning to his young partner, who picked up a pipe-like device long since famed among infantry soldiers as the immortal "bazooka." "How many charges we got left?"

The private fingered three slim, finned projectiles. "Only three! Not enough! They got to get us out . . ." His voice was rising to a scream as the sergeant cut him off.

"I was with the big guy in Germany. I know him. He'll get us out." Their heads jerked sharply around at a sudden rattle of rifle fire behind them. Below, just at the bend of the highway, half a dozen jeeps slithered to a stop, emitting a handful of soldiers who fired at the clump of trees off to the right. In the lead jeep a huge figure rose to full height, waved a long arm.

"Somebody broke through!" yelled the private. "They got the road clear!"

"It's the big guy himself," the sergeant replied as he hoisted the bazooka on his shoulder and lumbered out of the foxhole. "I told you he wouldn't forget about us!"

And it was the "big guy"—Major General Dean who had led a hastily organized rescue party to help pull one of his regimental units out of a trap. Unorthodox? Yes. You don't often find a general up on the firing line. By the very nature of his work he usually has to be back in a central command post, where the incoming reports of field officers can give him an overall picture of the situation.

But Bill Dean was one of those unique men who can move up where the going is toughest and still control the deployment of vast forces. Every general chafes at the desk to which he is chained by his job; but only a few, like Dean, can free themselves of those chains. In the tradition of Ethan Allen, and Pickett, and Custer, Bill Dean was a fighting general.

It took a fighter to carve out a successful career in the army without benefit of a formal military education. Bill Dean never went to West Point. Instead, Bill underwent reserve training at the University of California, took two years of law school, then went into the army in 1923.

When World War II broke out, Bill Dean, then a colonel, was shifted to an infantry post, where he proved to be a good administrator and tactician, well-liked by his men. He was still to see the combat that would test his spectacular qualities of leadership to the fullest.

As plans for the invasion of Europe got into shape Bill Dean won his first star as he moved up to brigadier general and took command of the 44th Infantry Division. Caught by the terrible thrust of the German "bulge" movement, the 44th at last ripped out, stormed to Alsace, the Saar, and across Germany into Austria. During this flame-fretted march there came a day that was to stamp General Dean with the indelible mark of greatness.

A unit of the 44th was pinned down by a German artillery battery zeroed in on a road junction. The fast-moving division was stalled

in its race against time and the Nazi army . . . until that battery could be eliminated. General Bill Dean scanned the situation from a rising knoll, then decided on his plan. A platoon would have to penetrate the heavy fire to wipe out the battery . . . there would be no point in risking anything more than a platoon.

Dean picked the platoon, but he still needed a leader. The "fighting general" hesitated only a moment. "I'll take it," he said quietly to the aide at his side. Stripping the tarnished stars from his shirt, he swiftly formed the platoon up and began the perilous advance through the murderous "88" fire. Keeping low, they worked around behind the battery, into the shelter of a low bridge. Then . . . with Bill Dean firing his .45 to give the signal . . . they struck, sweeping down on the panicky German artillerymen, who never dreamed that a general was leading this handful of Yankee daredevils into their midst. After a few minutes the word flashed over the "handie-talkie" to the waiting troops . . . "Battery silenced." It was Bill Dean himself who spoke.

Some time later, when the medals caught up with the combat men, General Bill Dean received the Distinguished Service Cross to wear with his Rifleman's Badge.

When the war ended the army decided to make use of some of the versatile Bill Dean's other talents, particularly his fine training in the law. Now a major general, he served for a year as military governor of Korea, training many of the South Korean units that were later to distinguish themselves on the battlefield. Then Dean moved to Japan and the command of the 24th Division, on occupation duty. When the Red hordes swarmed across the 38th parallel, Bill Dean was ready with his first-hand knowledge of the country and his matchless fighting heart. He led the 24th into what was to be one of the most courageous, most heartbreaking, holding actions in American military history.

Grudgingly the 24th gave the miles of bloody ground, through Seoul, back across the Han River, down to the approaches of Taejon. Then, after General Dean led the rescue detail to save his men from the closing trap on

July 9, he knew it was only a matter of time until Taejon itself would fall. But time was desperately important, and the men of the 24th would have to buy it with their lives.

A few days after the near encirclement north of the city, General Dean sat disconsolately on the steps of his command post in Taejon, watching tired soldiers trooping past on their way south. Suddenly he got up, began to walk determinedly in the opposite direction . . . the direction of the enemy. His aide, a South Korean colonel, hurried to his side.

"I want all you boys to get out of here," Dean said tersely. "I'm going up front for awhile." Half an hour later the men of a bazooka team, fighting a rear guard action on the outskirts of town were astonished as a huge figure shouldered in beside them. "Let me get the feel of that thing," said the general, reaching for the rocket gun. Then the tanks came thundering down the road into town.

Hours later a little band of officers was headed out through the flaming, smoke-glutted city. They saw the soot-blackened general still at his bazooka, waiting for more invaders. Ignoring their pleas to evacuate, Dean shouted exultantly, "I just got me a red tank!" Then the swirl and roar of battle swallowed him up. He was to be seen only once again . . . one day later, in the hills outside of town. "Are you coming south, General?" they asked him.

He shook his big head, white teeth smiling through the tan and dust of many days. "I'm going back in there," he replied, pointing to blazing Taejon. "Some of my boys may be in there." They waited for Bill Dean . . . but this time he didn't return. The official report was brief . . . "Missing—Major General William F. Dean . . ."

In almost every heartbreaking case the reports are final. But the men of the 24th still hope against hope that some day a big form will come striding over a hill, pistol at the ready and white teeth gleaming in a smile. They know it will be the "fighting general" returning to "his boys."

THE END

HOW THE INFANTRY FIGHTS

ARM AND HAND SIGNALS





LOOKA HIM!

A MARLON BRANDO!

A REGULAR
CLARK GABLE!

A
FARLEY
GRANGER!

WHO'S THE
LUCKY GAL
YOU'RE MAKIN'
YERSELF PURTY
FOR, JOE?

YEAH...WHO
IS TH' LUCKY
BABE?

SEOUL CITY LOU,
OF COURSE! SHE
CAME TO OUR TOWN
A FEW WEEKS AGO!

I THOUGHT SHE
WAS SGT. MUL-
VANEY'S FAVOR-
ITE DISH!

WAS, IS RIGHT! SINCE THAT
SWEET LI'L GAL HAS LAID
HER PEEPER'S ON ME, THE
SGT. IS JUST A REVOLTING
MEMORY MY LADY-LOVE IS
TRYIN' HARD
TO FORGET!

WHY
TH' DIRTY
CRUMB!



YES, SGT. MULVANEY?
WHAT IS IT?

BEGGIN'
YER PARDON,
COLONEL IRON-
SIDES, BUT I
HAVE A VERY
IMPORTANT
SUGGESTION
TO OFFER!

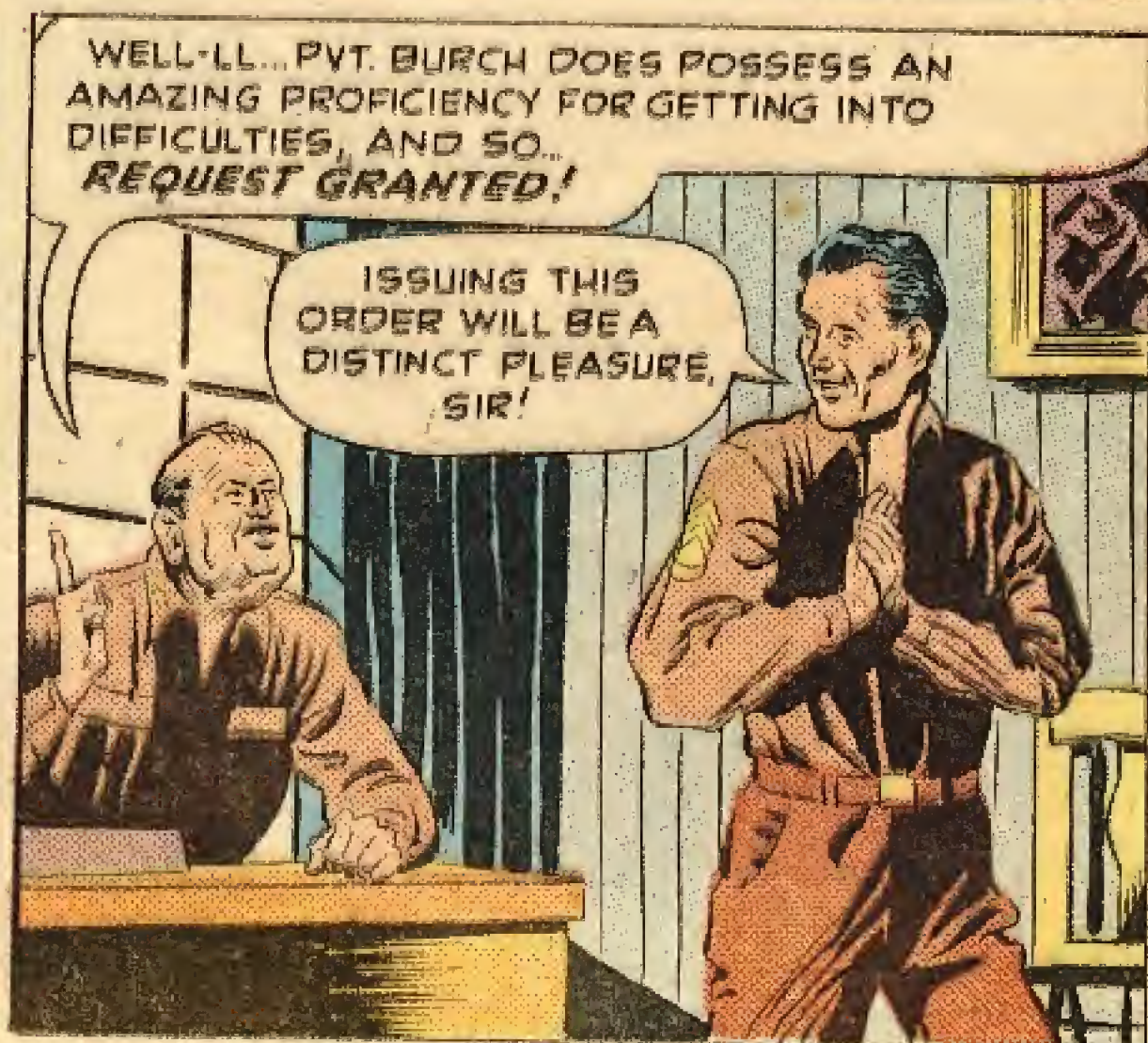


SOME LOW, ROUGH CHARACTERS HAVE
BEEN ANNOYIN' THE NATIVES IN THE NEARBY
VILLAGE OF RENSAN, SIR! MAY I RESPECT-
FULLY SUGGEST THAT RENSAN BE PUT OFF-
LIMITS FOR ANY DOUGHFOOT UNDER THE
RANK OF PFC.?



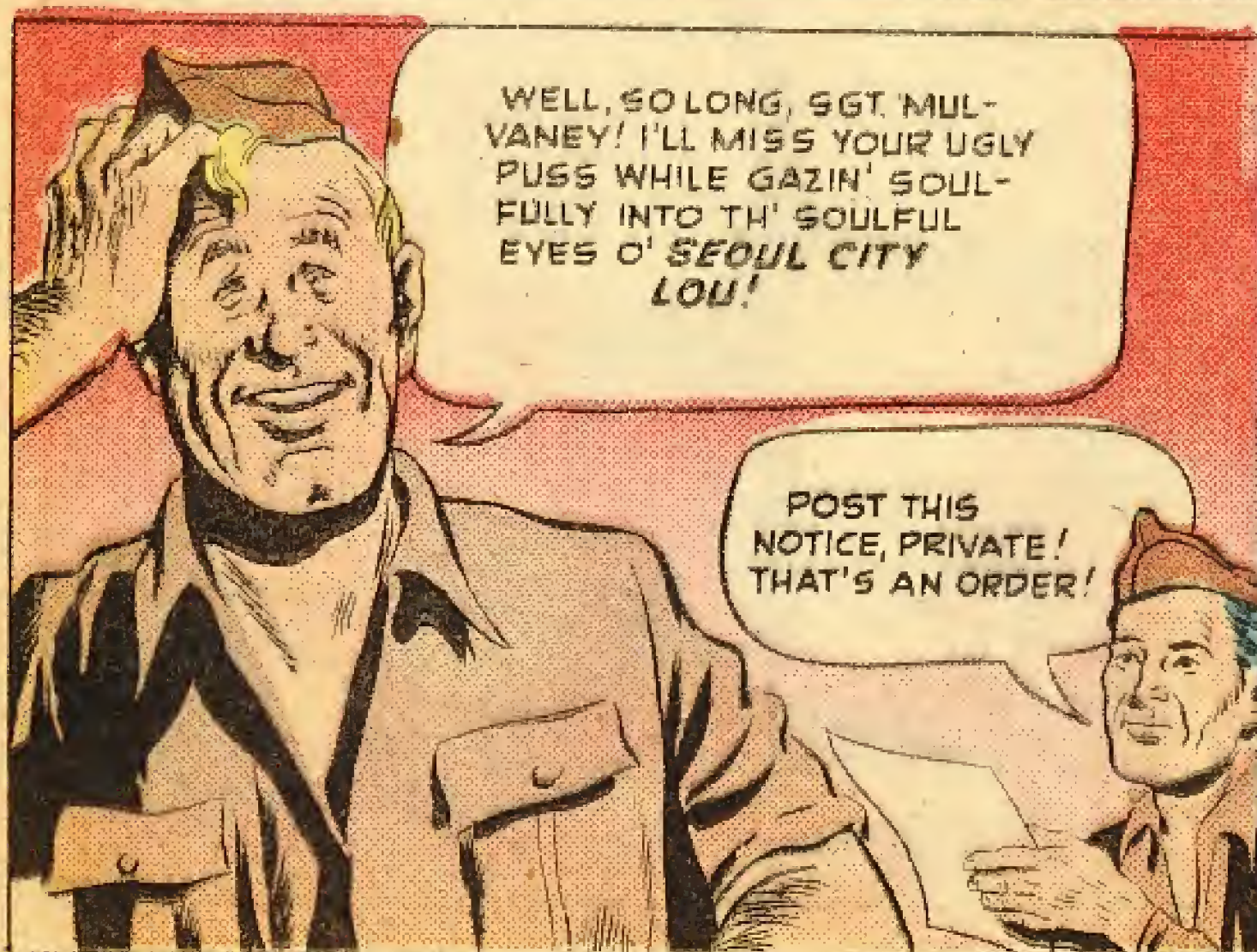
YOU WOULDN'T BE SPECIFICALLY
REFERRING TO A CERTAIN
PRIVATE JOE BURCH, WOULD
YOU, SGT. MULVANEY?

I AM REFERRING
TO JUST THAT
CERTAIN SLOB,
SIR!



WELL-LL... PVT. BURCH DOES POSSESS AN
AMAZING PROFICIENCY FOR GETTING INTO
DIFFICULTIES, AND SO...
REQUEST GRANTED!

ISSUING THIS
ORDER WILL BE A
DISTINCT PLEASURE,
SIR!



WELL, SO LONG, SGT. MUL-
VANEY! I'LL MISS YOUR UGLY
PUSS WHILE GAZIN' SOUL-
FULLY INTO TH' SOULFUL
EYES O' SEOUL CITY
LOU!

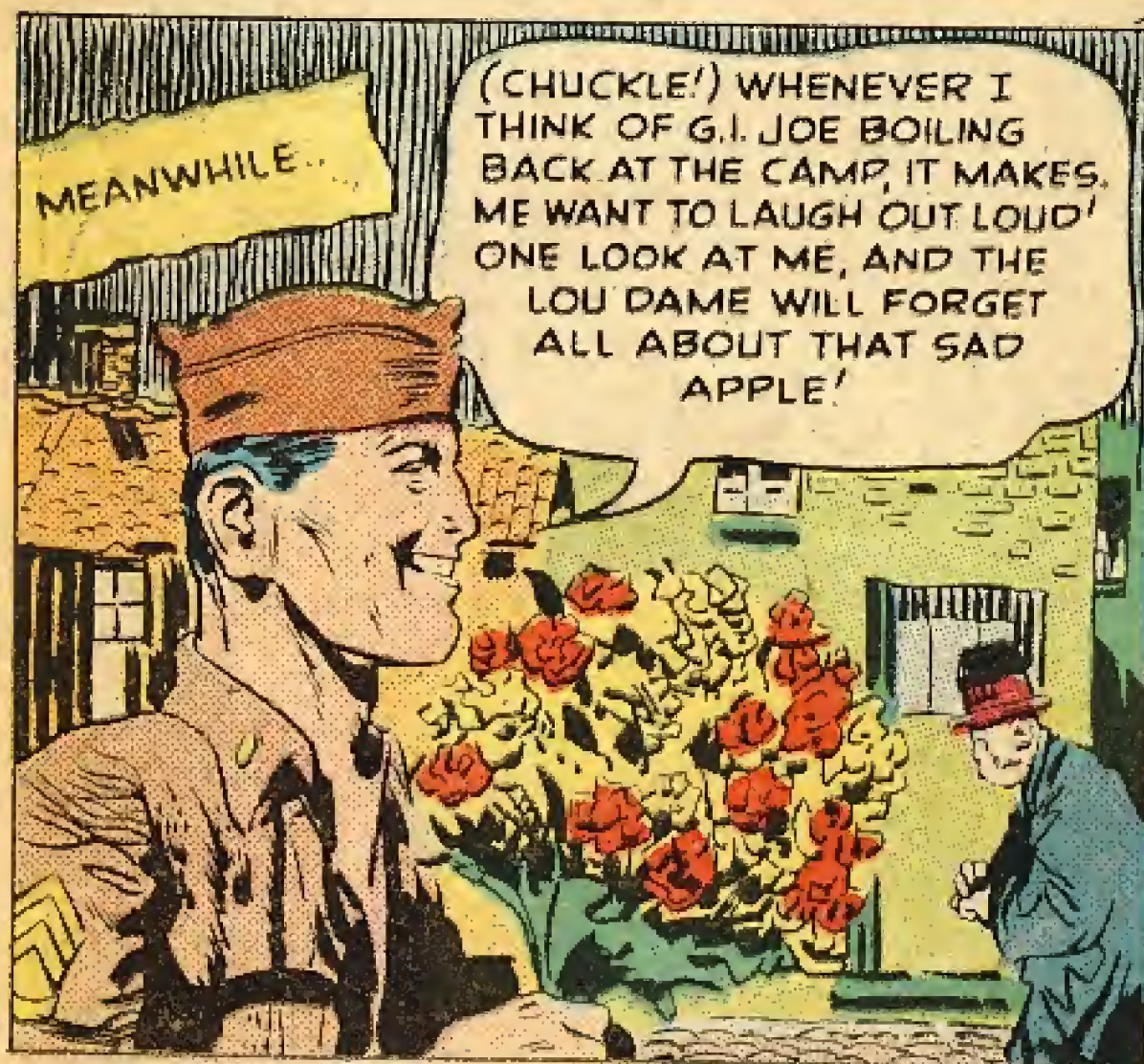
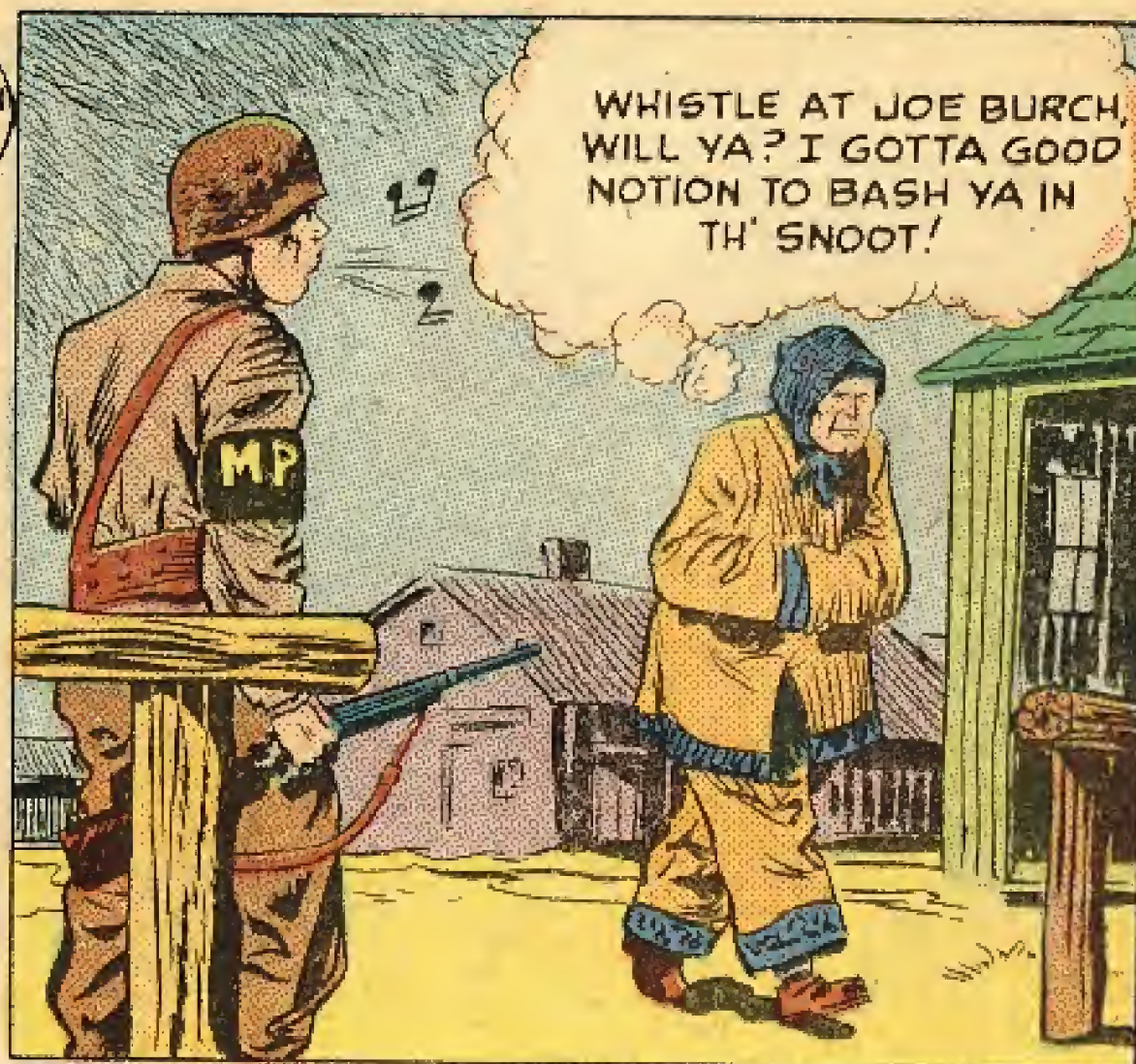
POST THIS
NOTICE, PRIVATE!
THAT'S AN ORDER!



**YIPE!-- I BEEN
SABOTAGED!**

NOTICE
- PVT. JOE BURCH
IS **NOT** TO
ENTER RENSAN
ON PENALTY OF
BEING DEMOTED.
BY ORDER OF THE
COMMANDING OFFICER
COLONEL IRONSIDES
PS IF NECESSARY WE'LL
INVENT A RANK LOWER
THAN PRIVATE











G.I. Joe

IN THE MIST OF BATTLE, PRIVATE JOE BURCH AND SERGEANT MULVANEY CARRY ON THEIR OWN PARTICULAR BRAND OF PERSONAL WAR! BUT THESE TWO FRIENDLY ENEMIES FIND THEMSELVES OUTRANKED WHEN THEY TRY TO —
"MAKE WAY FOR THE PRESS!"

WE GOT IT, SARGE! LOOK AT THE RUSSKY TANK GETTIN' SMASHED UP! BOY, DO I FEEL GOOD!

YOU'LL FEEL PRETTY DEAD IF YOU DON'T TAKE COVER! THEM GUYS AIN'T THROWIN' SPITBALLS!

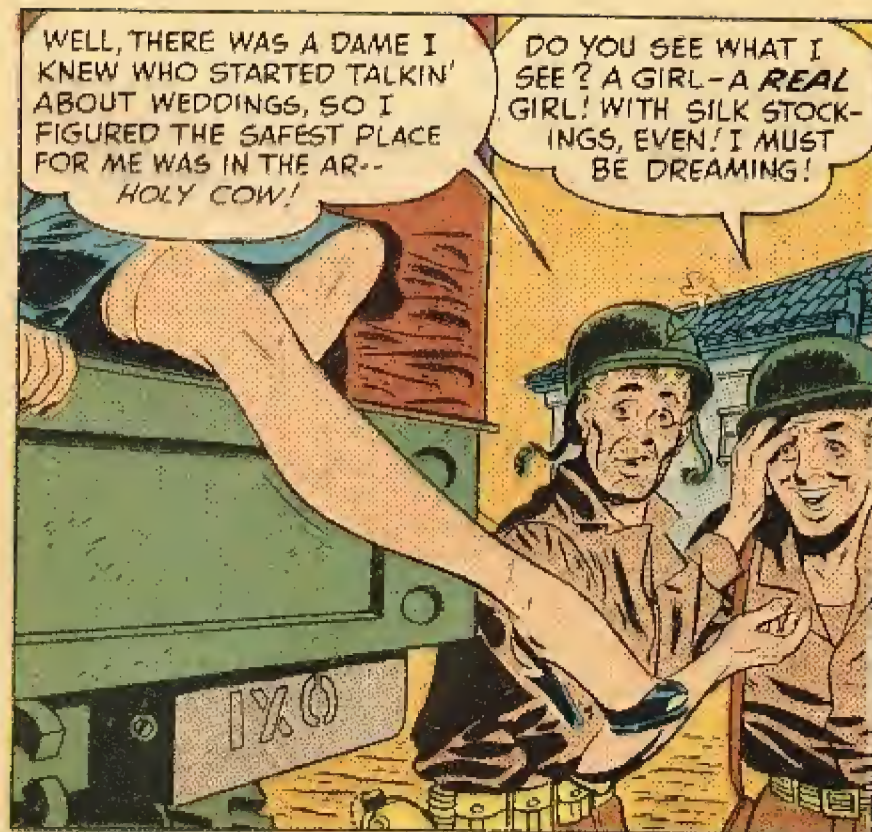
WE FIND JOE AT A REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS JUST BEHIND THE LINES IN KOREA, INDULGING IN SOME TYPICAL G.I. GRIPING!

I'M TELLIN' YA, THIS ARMY BEATS ME! LOOK AT ME—TWO WEEKS AGO I WAS A PFC, NOW I'M A PVT. AGAIN!

G'WAN, YOU'RE A THIRTY-YEAR MAN AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU'VE FOUND A HOME IN THE ARMY, KID. ANYWAY, IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT IF YOU ALWAYS GET YOURSELF INTO TROUBLE!

FOURTEEN TIMES I BEEN A PFC. AND FOURTEEN TIMES I BEEN BUSTED! THERE'S A SHARP RECORD FOR YA!

SO WHY DID YOU SIGN UP FOR ANOTHER HITCH AFTER BEIN' OUT TWO YEARS?



WELL, THERE WAS A DAME I KNEW WHO STARTED TALKIN' ABOUT WEDDINGS, SO I FIGURED THE SAFEST PLACE FOR ME WAS IN THE AR--
HOLY COW!

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? A GIRL--A **REAL** GIRL! WITH SILK STOCKINGS, EVEN! I MUST BE DREAMING!



KEEP RIGHT ON DREAMIN', PAL--ME, I'M GONNA **DO** SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!

EES THEES ZE HEADQUARTAIRS OF COLONEL IRONSIDES?



IT IS, MISS--AND I AM THE GOOD COLONEL'S AIDE. HE SENT ME TO WELCOME YOU TO OUR FAIR CITY. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

OH, HOW NICE OF ZE COLONEL! I AM LOUISE LAFARGE OF ZE FRENCH NEWS SERVICE! FIRST, I MUST SEE ZE COLONEL, AND ZEN I MUST FIND A--HOW YOU SAY--BILLET!

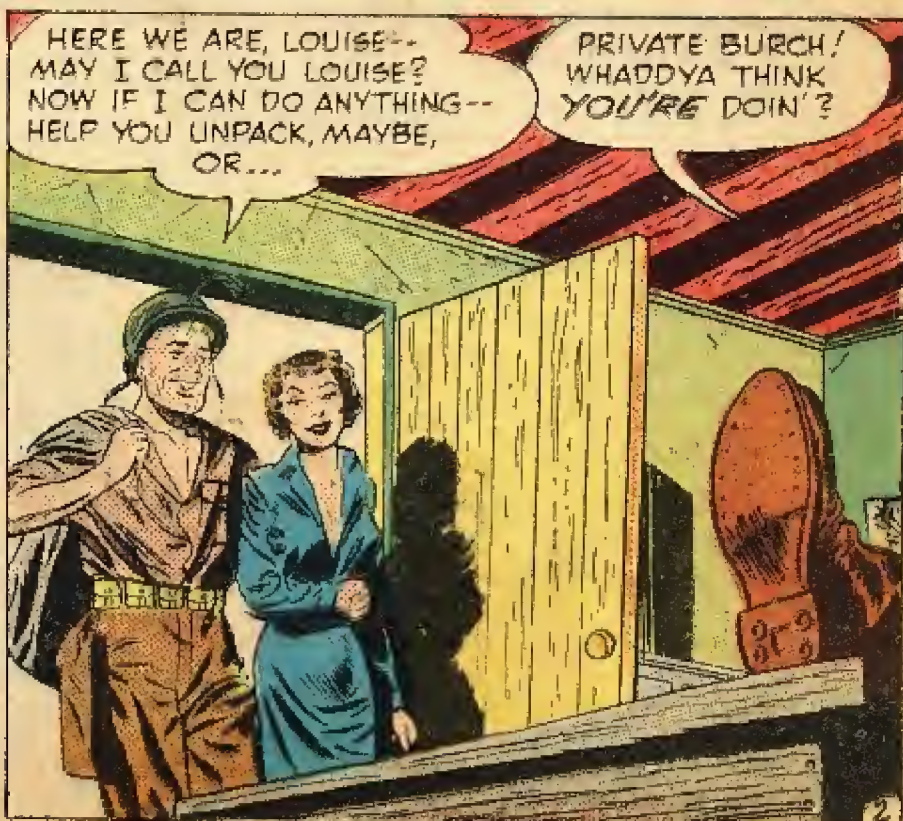


WELL, MISS, THE COLONEL'S OUT RIGHT NOW, RUNNING A BATTLE OR SOMETHING. BUT I HAVE JUST THE PLACE TO BILLET YOU--A NICE **PRIVATE** LITTLE PLACE, JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

OH, BUT YOU ARE SO KIND!



PART OF MY REGULAR SERVICE, MISS. JUST FOLLOW ME, PLEASE--AS CLOSELY AS POSSIBLE!



HERE WE ARE, LOUISE--MAY I CALL YOU LOUISE? NOW IF I CAN DO ANYTHING--HELP YOU UNPACK, MAYBE, OR...

PRIVATE BURCH! WHADDYA THINK **YOU'RE** DOIN'?



WELL, IF IT AIN'T SERGEANT MULVANEY! HOW COME YOU AIN'T OUT WINNIN' THE WAR, PAL?

NONE OF YOUR LIP, BURCH! I GOT A JOB FOR YOU. GO POLICE UP IN FRONT OF HEADQUARTERS -- AND GET EVERY LAST CIGARETTE BUTT! THAT'S AN ORDER!!



POLICE UP THIS JOINT? WHY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING APE! PULLING YOUR RANK JUST TO STEAL A DAME FROM A GUY!

MEANWHILE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE YOUNG LADY!



FOR TWO CENTS I'D-- IF YA'D TAKE OFF THEM STRIPES, I'D--!

OH, YEAH? YOU AND HOW MANY MARINES!

SERGEANT MULVANEY!



YESSIR, COLONEL! YOU WANTED ME?

THERE'S AN ENEMY PATROL HEADED BY A TANK THAT'S BROKE THROUGH THE LINES! I NEED TWO MEN TO SPOT IT FOR THE AIR CORPS! I WANT TWO VOLUNTEERS-- AND YOU'RE ONE OF THEM! PICK ANYBODY ELSE YOU WANT AND GET GOING!



AND SO, HALF AN HOUR LATER...

TWO VOLUNTEERS. AND YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, HE SAYS!

YEAH, AN' YOU HADDA DRAG ME ALONG JUST TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM THAT HUNK OF FRENCH PASTRY-- HEY! THERE'S THE TANK!



HEY, SARGE, I HAVE AN IDEA! IF WE COULD ROLL SOME OF THESE BOULDERS DOWN AND START A LANDSLIDE, WE COULD GET RIDDA THAT TANK WITHOUT WAITIN' ALL DAY FOR THE FLY-BOYS TO--!

A LANDSLIDE! ARE YOU NUTS? WE GOTTA RADIO BACK THE POSITION, THAT'S ALL!

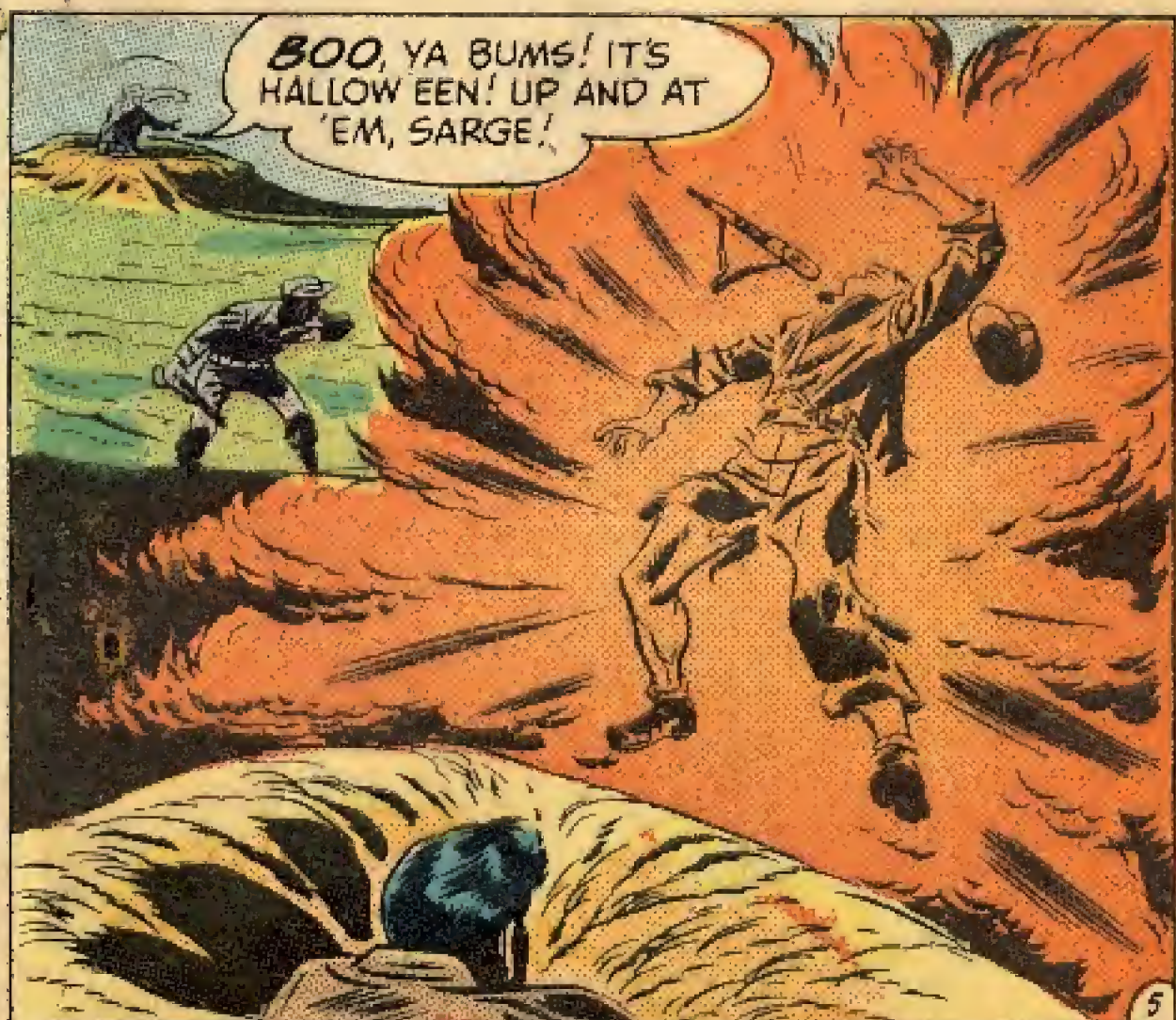


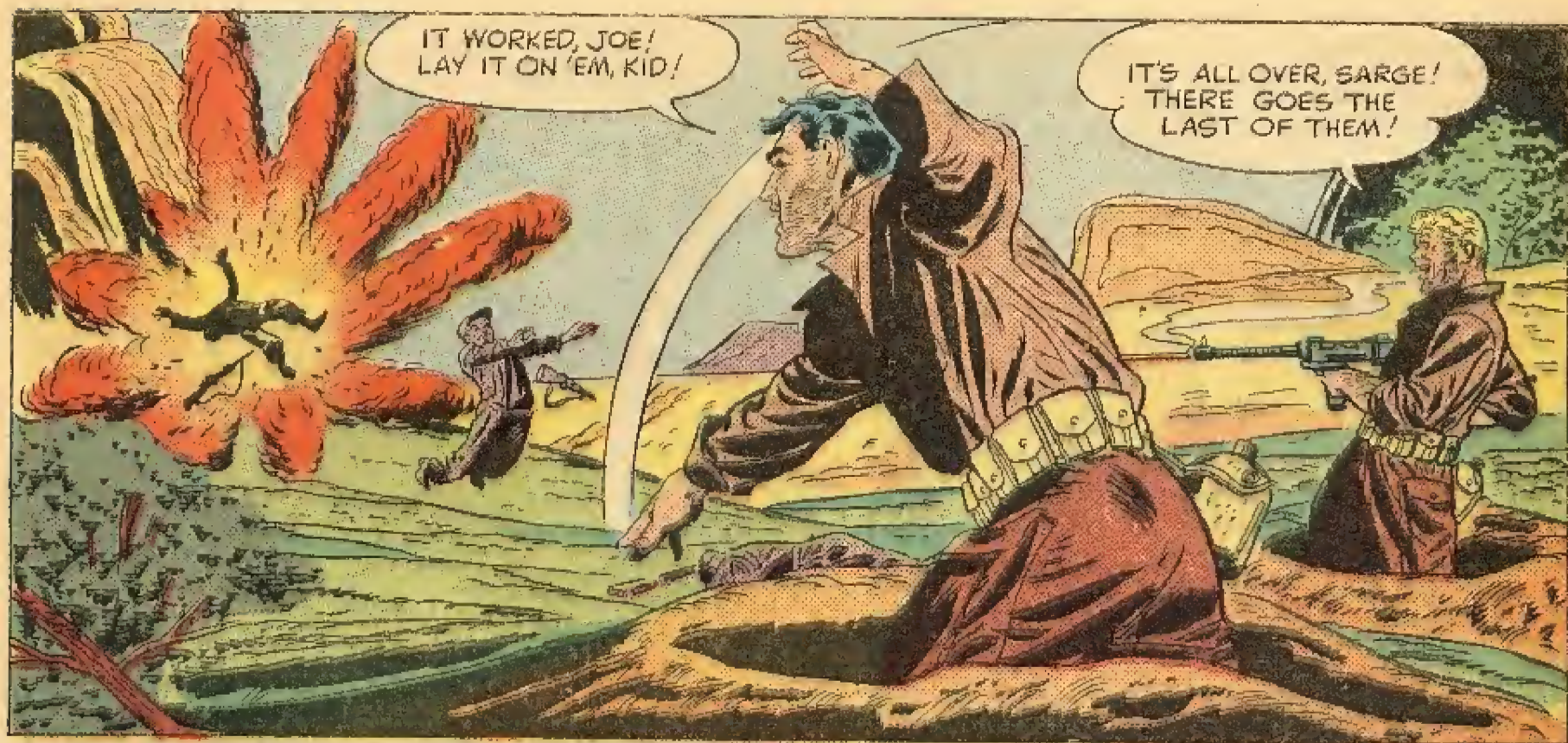


A MOMENT LATER, A HELMET POPS INTO VIEW AND A GRENADE SAILS OUT OF SERGEANT MULVANEY'S SHELLHOLE. AN ANSWERING BURST OF ENEMY FIRE SCORES A DIRECT HIT ON THE HELMET!



A SECOND HELMET SHOWS, AND AN ENEMY GRENADE BLOWS IT INTO PIECES!





IT WORKED, JOE!
LAY IT ON 'EM, KID!

IT'S ALL OVER, SARGE!
THERE GOES THE
LAST OF THEM!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE TWO APPROACH THE
LITTLE KOREAN TOWN...

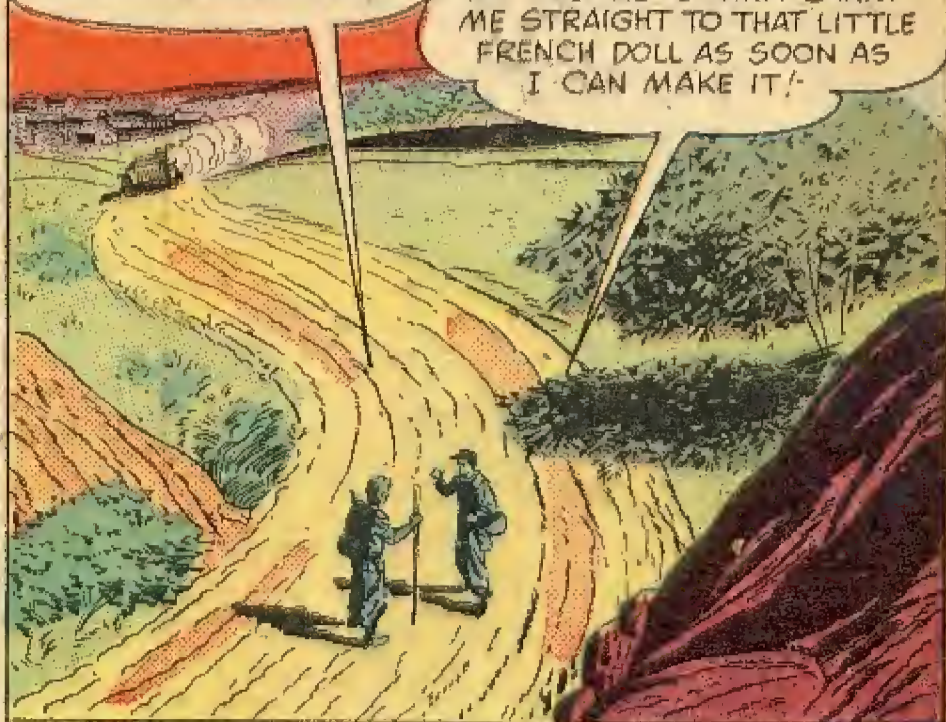
BOY, DID WE SPRING THE
TRAP ON THEM STUPES!
THAT WAS NICE WORK,
SARGE! AN' THAT TANK—
I TOLDJA MY IDEA
WOULD WORK!

YEAH, SURE! SAY,
JOE--YA THINK YOU
COULD MAKE IT BACK
TO TOWN ALONE NOW,
IF BY ANY CHANCE YOU
HAD TO?



WHY, SURE, I GUESS I--
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU
GETTIN' AT ANYWAY?

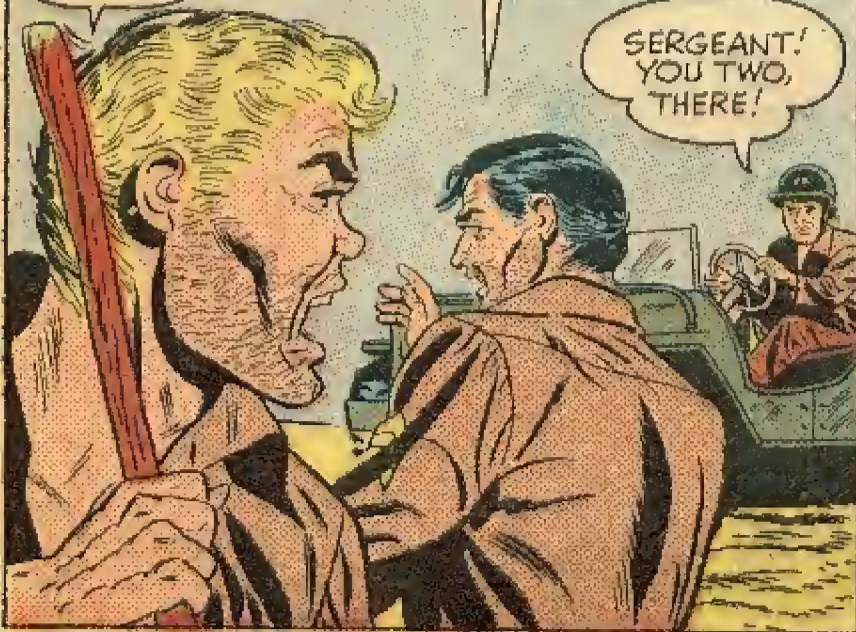
NOTHIN', JOE. EXCEPT THAT
I GOT TWO HEALTHY FEET--
AN' THEY'RE GONNA CARRY
ME STRAIGHT TO THAT LITTLE
FRENCH DOLL AS SOON AS
I CAN MAKE IT!



WHY, YOU--! TAKIN'
ADVANTAGE OF A
CRIPPLE, YET! I
SAW THAT DAME
FIRST!

SO LONG, MASTER MIND!
GO TELL THE COLONEL ALL
ABOUT HOW WE HERDES
DID IT!

SERGEANT!
YOU TWO,
THERE!



WHO'S RESPONSIBLE
FOR KNOCKING OUT
THAT ENEMY TANK?
DID ONE OF YOU
MEN THINK UP
THAT STUNT?

WELL,
SIR--I
GUESS
I--

YOU SEE,
SIR, IT WAS
LIKE THIS,
CAPTAIN--



ANSWER THE QUESTION!
ONE OF YOU MEN IS DUE
FOR A DECORATION AS
SOON AS THE COLONEL
GETS A FULL REPORT
ON THE OPERATION!

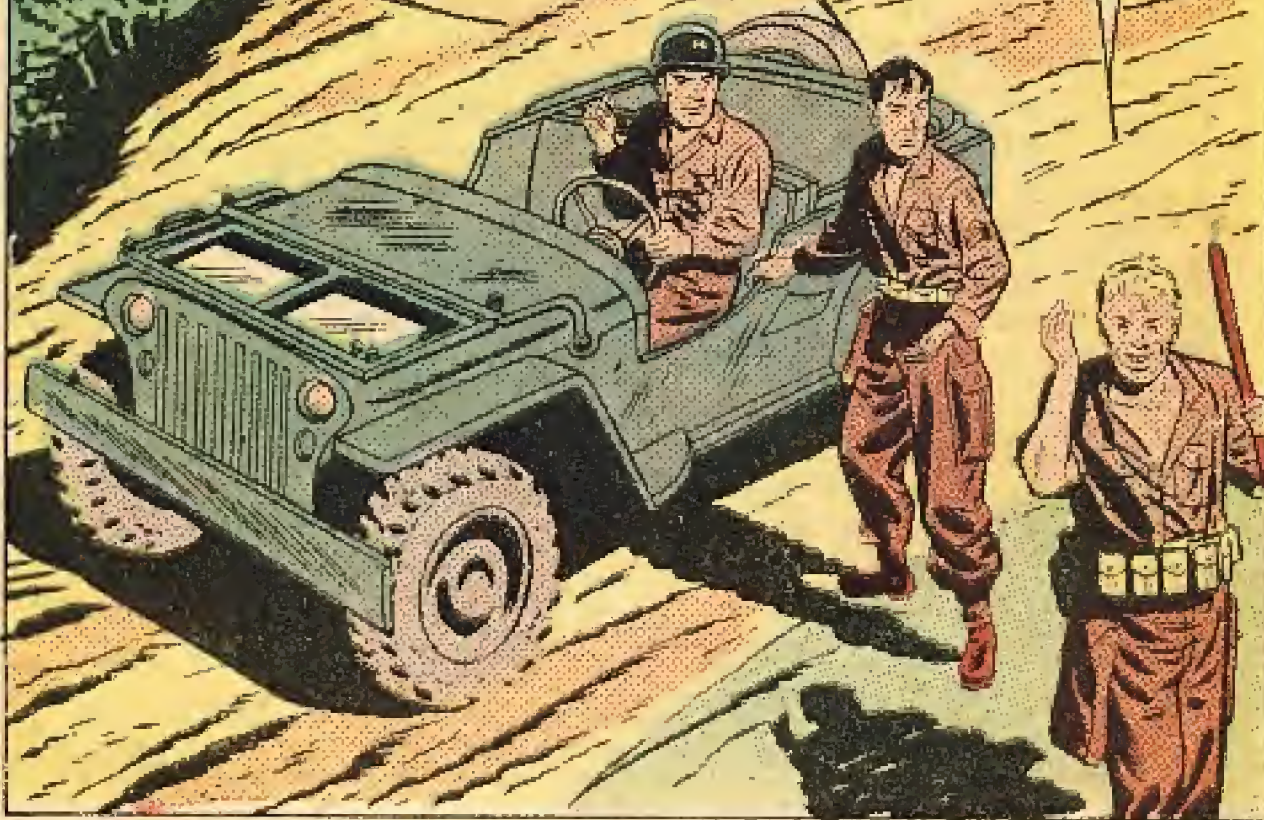
WHY, SERGEANT MULVANEY
HERE DID IT ALL, CAPTAIN!
SMART AS A WHIP, THE
SERGEANT IS. YESSIR, HE
DESERVES ALL THE CREDIT!



ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT, GET
IN HERE! YOU'RE GOING
TO HEADQUARTERS TO
MAKE OUT A DETAILED
REPORT!

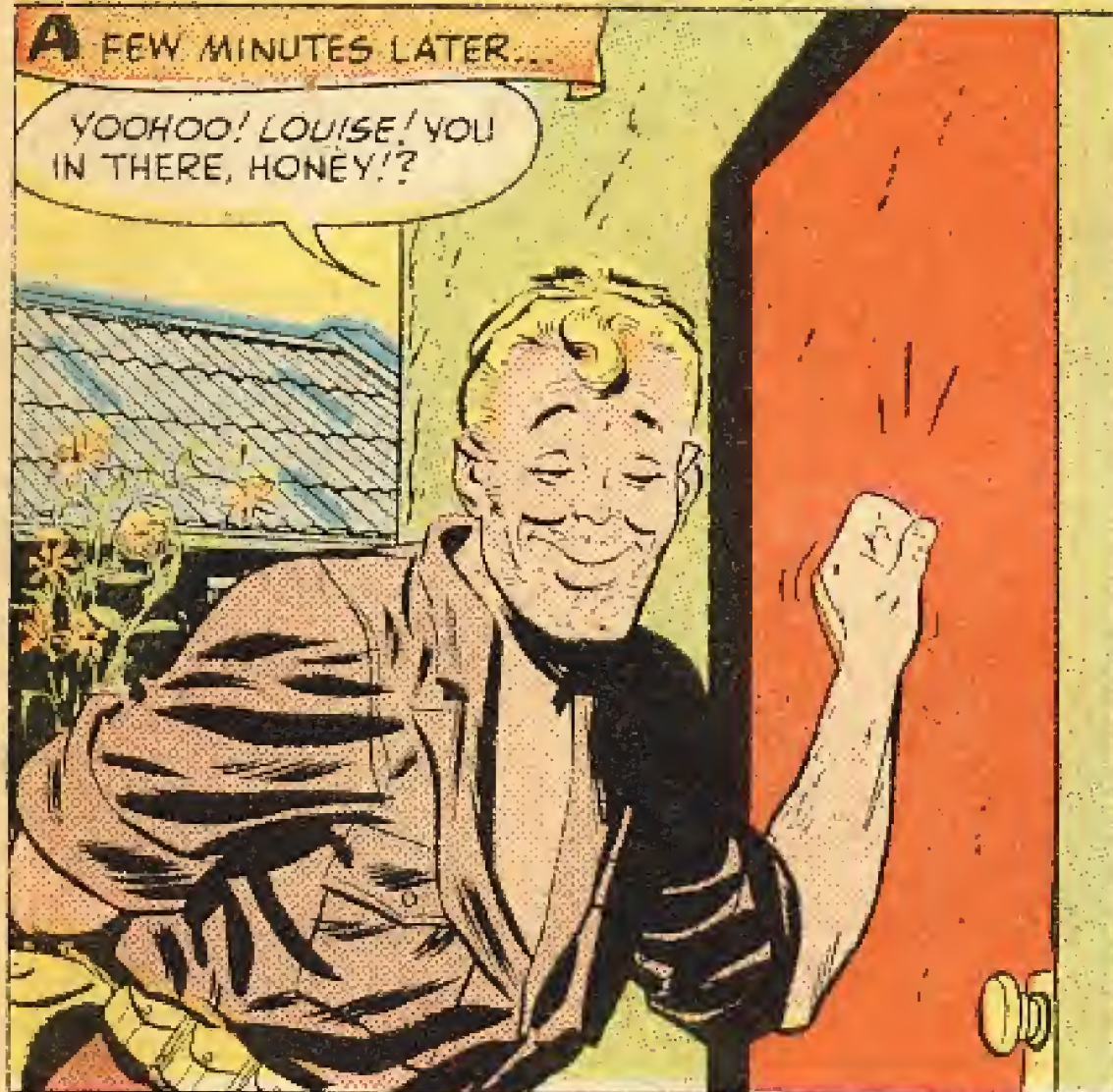
BUT, JOE,
IT WAS
YOUR
IDEA--!

SO LONG,
CHISELER!
YOU TELL
'EM ALL ABOUT
IT!



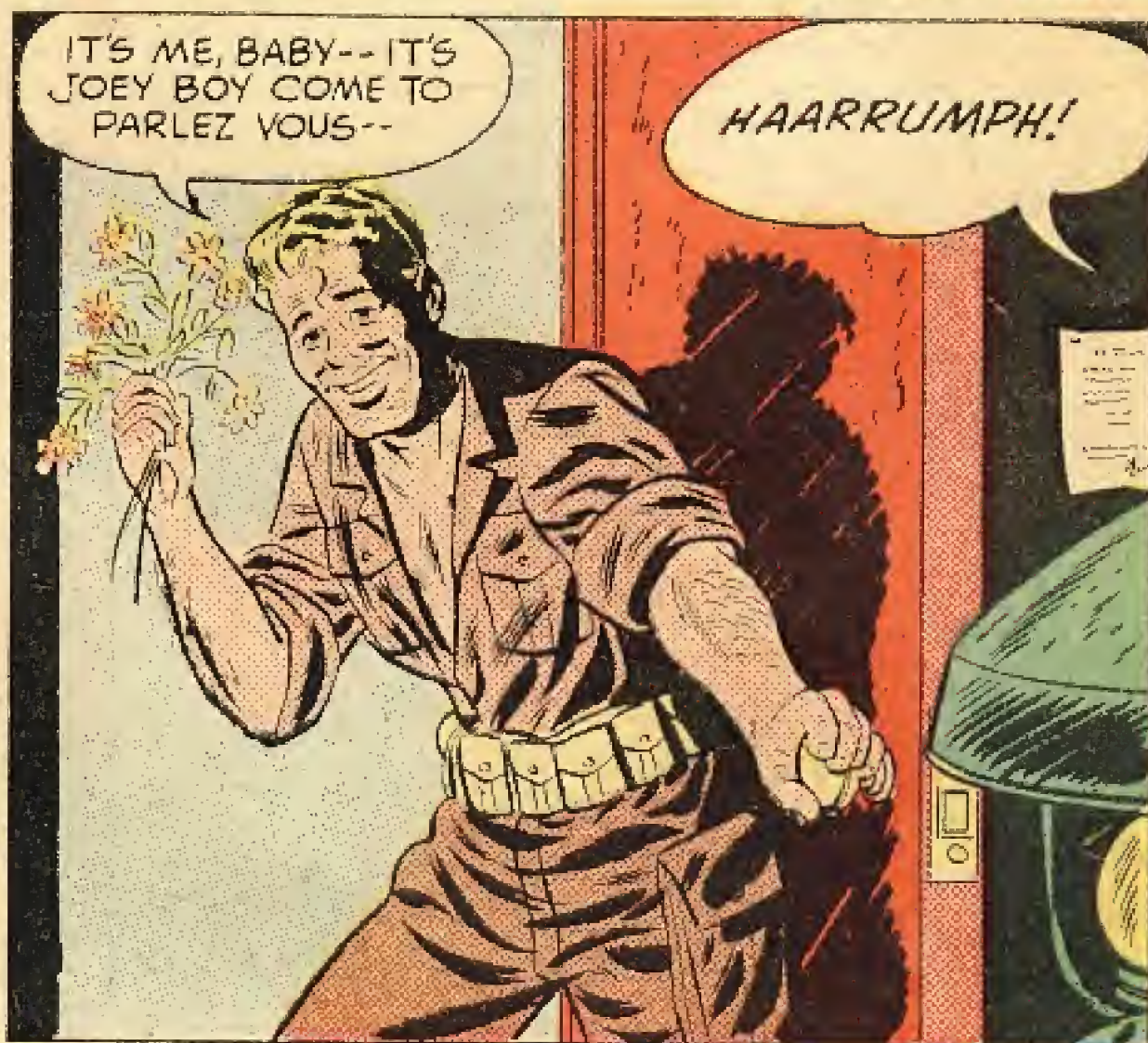
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YOOHOO! LOUISE! YOU
IN THERE, HONEY!?



IT'S ME, BABY-- IT'S
JOEY BOY COME TO
PARLEZ VOUS--

HAARRUMPH!



DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR PLACE,
SOLDIER? WHAT D'YOU MEAN
BUSTING IN ON MY INTERVIEW
WITH THE PRESS! STAND
AT ATTENTION!

YESSIR! COLONEL--!
I MEAN, NO, SIR!
I MEAN--!




HA HA HA! YAHOO, BABY,
IT'S JOEY BOY COME TO
PARLEZ VOUS! HA HA
HO HO HO!

AH, SHADDAP! LIKE I SAID,
THIS ARMY WON'T LET A GUY
MAKE **ANY** KIND OF PROGRESS
AT ALL!



G.I. Joe

IN "BEAUTY ON THE BATTLEFRONT"



OKAY, YA BLASTED REDS! THIS'LL CLEAR UP YOUR HEADACHE!

EVEN WAR HAS ITS PLEASANT MOMENTS, ESPECIALLY WHEN A BEAUTIFUL NURSE IS INVOLVED... BUT THE ANTICS OF G.I. JOE, AND HIS NEMESIS SGT. MULVANEY, NEVER LET UP EVEN WHEN THEY FIND A "BEAUTY ON THE BATTLEFRONT"!

SERGEANT MULVANEY, DETAINED TO GUARD A LONELY KOREAN ROAD, HAS PICKED JOE TO KEEP HIM COMPANY...

I BEEN WONDERIN', SARGE! WHENEVER YA GET ONE OF THESE CHICKEN DETAILS, WHY DO YA ALWAYS DRAG ME ALONG?

IT'S YOUR FACE, JOE! IT'S SO COMICAL IT TAKES MY MIND OFF THINGS! SHUT UP AND WATCH THE ROAD!

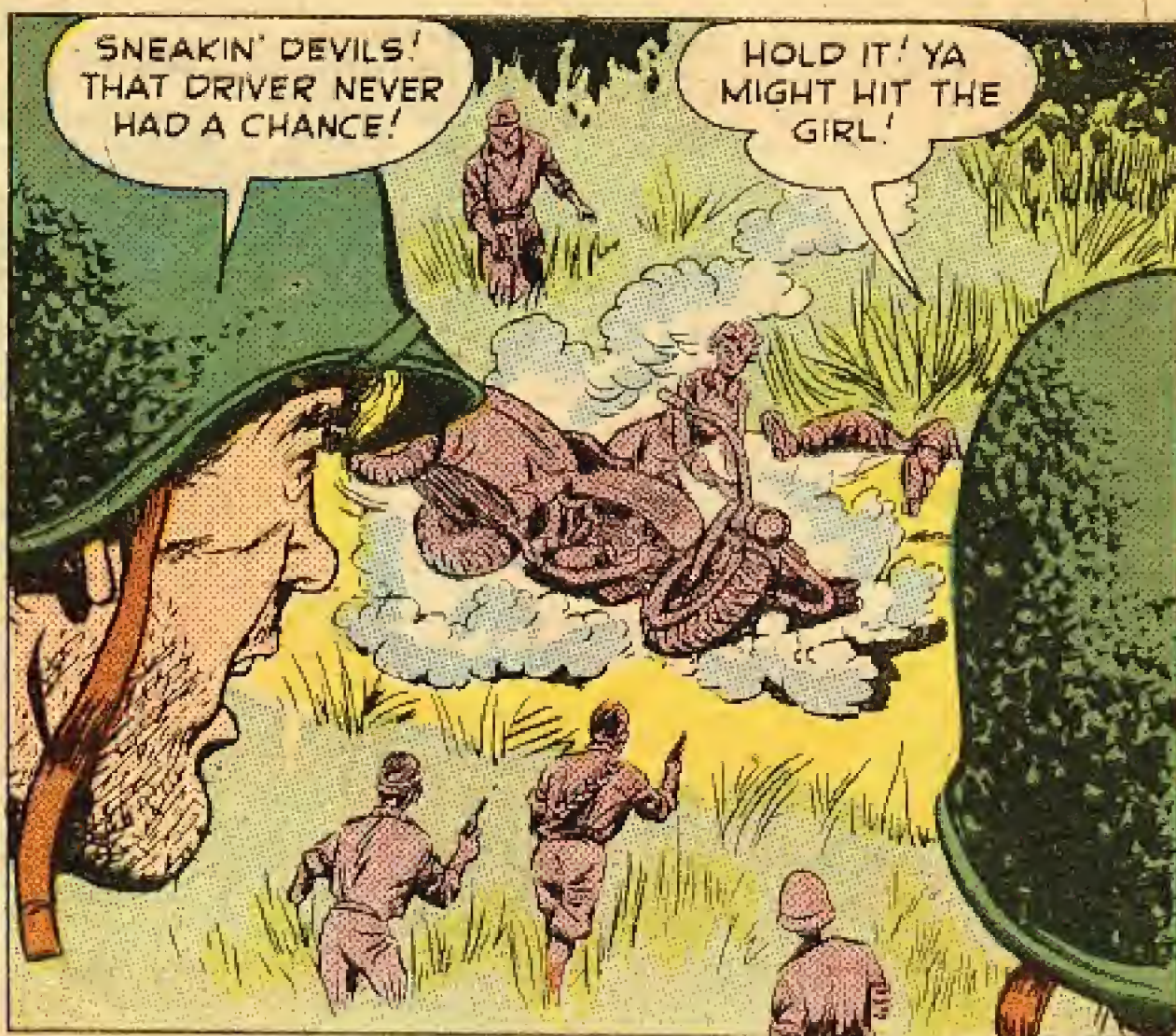
THEM FLY-BOYS UP THERE... THAT'S THE LIFE! DROP AN EGG OR TWO, AN' HOME FOR LUNCH! AN' EVERY PILOT'S A COLONEL, OR AT LEAST A MAJ...

HEY, JOE, LOOK! A MOTORCYCLE WITH A SIDECAR... AND IF I AIN'T GOIN' BLIND, THERE'S A NURSE IN IT!



IT'S A NURSE, AWRIGHT!
MUST BE COMIN' UP TO
THAT HOSPITAL IN THE
NEXT TOWN... HEY! WHAT
THE...?

SNIPERS! THEY MUSTA
BEEN IN THAT BLASTED
FIELD ALL THIS TIME...
AND US SITTIN' HERE!



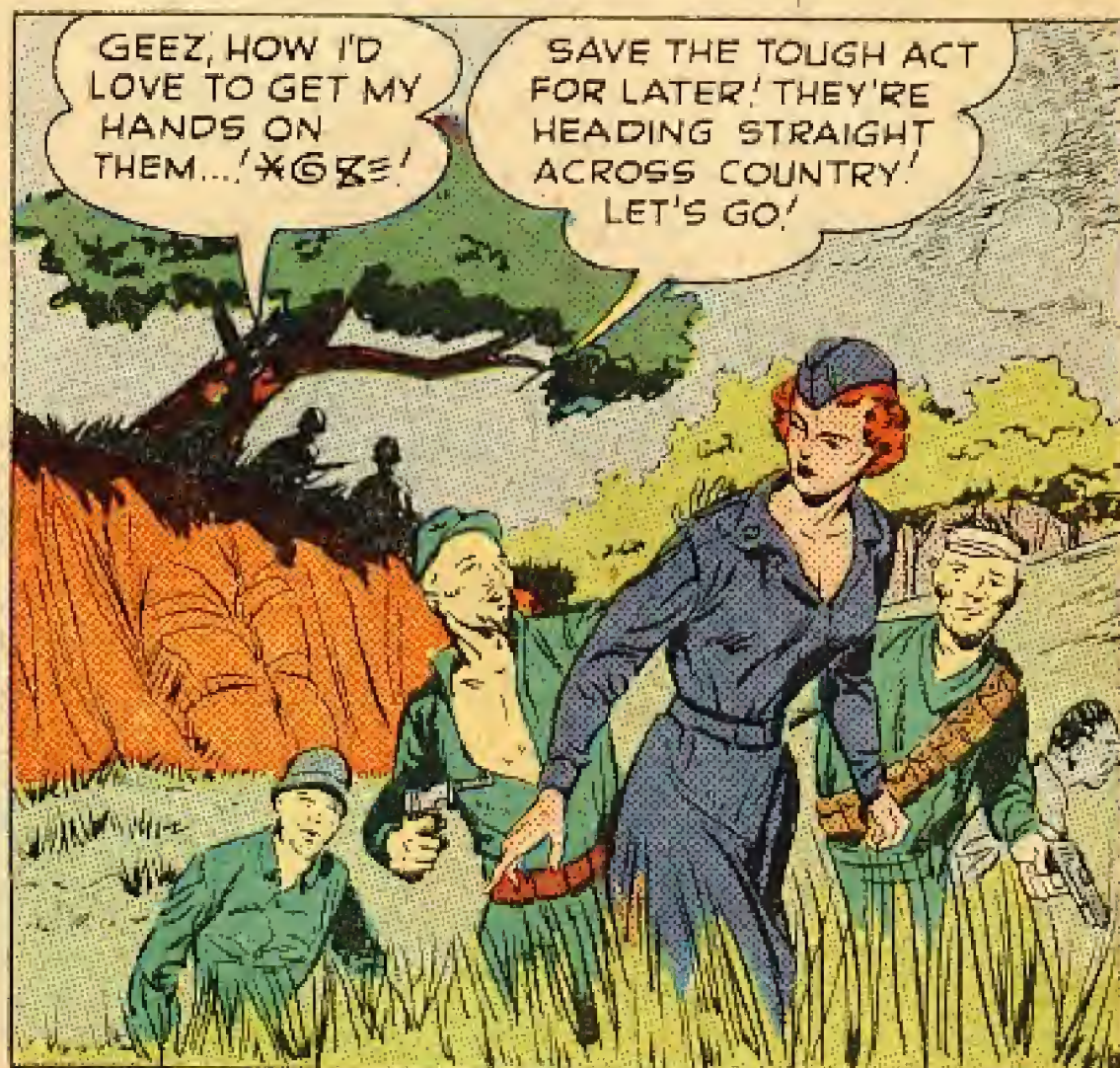
SNEAKIN' DEVILS!
THAT DRIVER NEVER
HAD A CHANCE!

HOLD IT! YA
MIGHT HIT THE
GIRL!



THEM DIRTY CRUMBS,
STEALIN' HER PURSE AND
ALL! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE
GONNA TAKE HER
PRISONER! WE OUGHTA
GO DOWN AN'...

WE ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE!
IF THEY TAKE HER ALONG,
WE'LL FOLLOW 'EM AND
SEE WHAT WE CAN DOPE
OUT! POOR KID NEVER HAD
A CHANCE TO GET INTO
FATIGUES!



GEEZ, HOW I'D
LOVE TO GET MY
HANDS ON
THEM...! XOXO!

SAVE THE TOUGH ACT
FOR LATER! THEY'RE
HEADING STRAIGHT
ACROSS COUNTRY!
LET'S GO!



AND SO, FOR OVER TWO HOURS...

WHAT A COUNTRY!
MUCK AND MUD, FLIES
AND HEAT! WHAT DO
THEM COMMIES WANT
IT SO BAD FOR, ANYWAY?

MAKES IT EASY
TRAILIN' 'EM, AT
LEAST!



OOOOF! WHEWW...
THIS STUFF SMELLS!

YOU'RE A REGULAR INJUN
IN THE WOODS, AIN'T YA?
COME ON, BIG CHIEF MUD-
IN-THE-FACE... ON YOUR
WAY!



FIRST MUD AND NOW MOUNTAINS! GIMME A NICE EASY TASK TO TACKLE ANYTIME!

HOW DO YA THINK THAT POOR NURSE LIKED IT? SHE CLIMBED IT BEFORE WE DID!



UUUUFFFF!

QUIET! OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO SEND THEM COMMIES A TELEGRAM THAT WE'RE COMIN'!



WELL, HERE WE GO FOR A LITTLE WADIN'! AIN'TCHA GONNA GRIPE?

THIS IS THE FIRST THING I DON'T MIND... MIGHT WASH SOME OF THAT MUD OFF US!



BUT AT LONG LAST...

THERE THEY ARE... AN' IT'S ABOUT TIME!

YEAH, GREAT... BUT WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WE CAN'T OPEN FIRE AN' CHANCE HITIN' THE NURSE!



I GOT AN IDEA! I SEEN A MOVIE ONCE WHERE THIS SERGEANT, IN THE FIRST WAR, THIS WAS... HE MAKES NOISES LIKE A TURKEY, AN' WHEN THE KRAUTS STICK THEIR HEADS UP, HE...

SUFFERIN' SUSIE! NOISES LIKE A TURKEY, HE SAYS! FOR ALL YOU KNOW, MAYBE THERE **AIN'T** NO TURKEYS IN KOREA!



AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT, THEN I'LL MAKE NOISES LIKE A PIG! THERE'S PLENTY OF THEM IN KOREA! THEM COMMIES IS HUNGRY, WITH NOTHIN' BUT RICE TO EAT!

SO SUPPOSE A COUPLE OF 'EM COME POKIN' IN HERE AND WE KNOCK 'EM OFF! THE REST ARE SURE TO GET SUSPICIOUS! THEN WHAT?



ANOTHER GUERILLA GOES OUT OF ACTION!



BUT FINALLY.

OH-OH, THEY'RE GETTIN WISE ' TWO OF 'EM THIS TIME ' ABOUT RIPE FOR THE SARGE TO GO INTO HIS ACT!



PEEKA-BOO, YOU DOPES!



YA 'MISSED'!



BUT I DIDN'T! LET 'EM HAVE IT, SARGE!



THEY'RE SITTING DUCKS, JOE! HOW'DYA LIKE THIS!

WHOOPEE! GIVE IT TO THEM, SERGEANT!



AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

JOE! YOU'RE HIT!

IT'S NOTHIN'. JUST A LITTLE BAYONET SCRATCH! SAY, LIEUTENANT, I GUESS THIS IS YOURS!





AND I EVEN GOT MY LIPSTICK BACK! YOU BOYS ARE WONDERFUL! NOW, LET ME LOOK AT THAT ARM...

AW, IT'S... IT'S OKAY! WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE QUICK!

JOE'S RIGHT, LIEUTENANT... LET'S GO!



BUT AS THEY START BACK ACROSS THE ROUGH TERRAIN...

LET ME CARRY YOU ACROSS, LIEUTENANT... OOPS!

I'LL CARRY YOU, LIEUTENANT!



TSK TSK! YOU'RE GETTING CLUMSIER EVERY DAY, JOSEPH!

SO THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE, HEY? WHY, THAT DOUBLE-CROSSIN' BUM!



AND THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS, ALL THE WAY...

I CAN HANDLE THE LADY FINE, JOE... MUSTN'T STRAIN THAT WOUNDED ARM, YOU KNOW!

HEY, LEMME HELP! AW, OF ALL THE CHISELIN' BACK-STABBIN'!



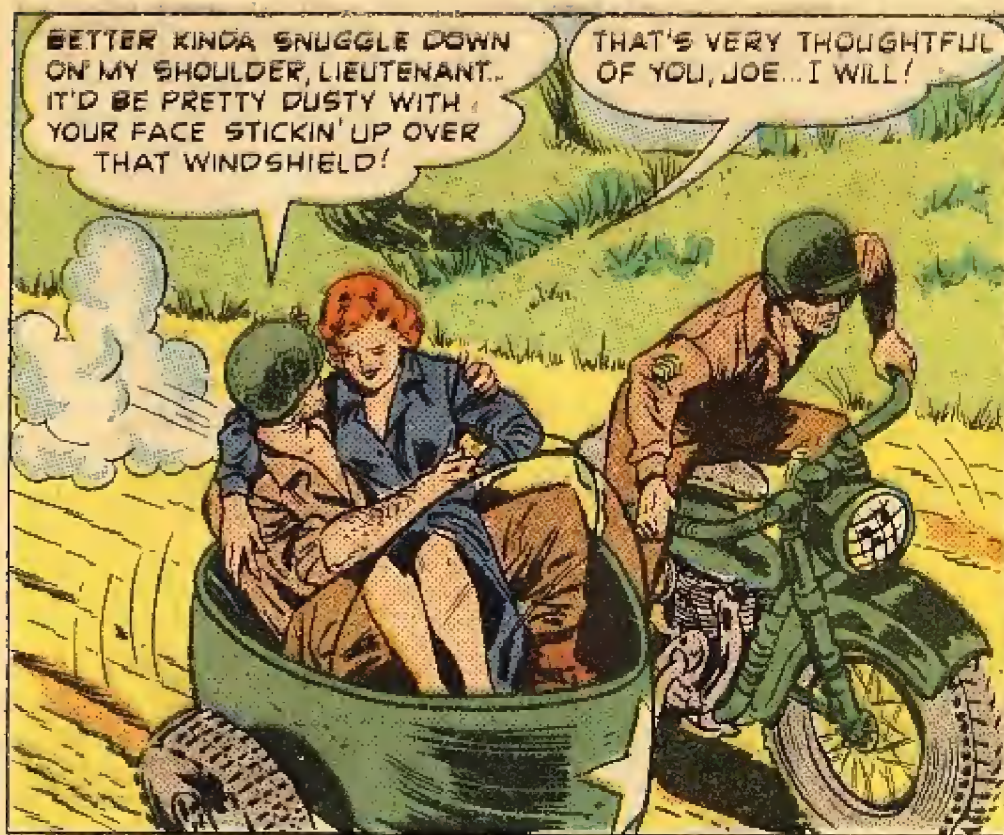
WELL, WE MADE IT! AN' LOOK... THIS THING IS STILL WORKING! YOU DRIVE, JOE... THE LIEUTENANT AN' ME WILL RIDE IN THE SIDECAR!

WELL NOW, SERGEANT, I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO DO THAT, BUT WITH THIS **WOUNDED ARM...**



OF COURSE HE CAN'T DRIVE! YOU GET IN THERE, JOE, AND THE SERGEANT WILL DRIVE!

YES, MA'AM! ANYTHING YOU SAY, LIEUTENANT!



BETTER KINDA SNUGGLE DOWN ON MY SHOULDER, LIEUTENANT... IT'D BE PRETTY DUSTY WITH YOUR FACE STICKIN' UP OVER THAT WINDSHIELD!

THAT'S VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, JOE... I WILL!



ONCE AROUND THE PARK, JAMES... AND TAKE IT EASY! WE GOT ALLLL DAY!

GRRR...MUMPH...MUMBLE!



WELL, BOYS... IT'S BEEN FUN!

THAT IT HAS, LIEUTENANT! THAT IT **CERTAINLY** HAS!



NOW LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT ARM... SAY! THAT'S NOT BLOOD! IT'S...IT'S LIPSTICK!

LIEUTENANT, DON'T... I MEAN... WELL IT'S LIKE THIS, SEE...!

LIPSTICK!



YOU BAG-EARED CRUMBUN! YOU FAKED THAT WOUND WITH HER LIPSTICK WHEN YOU WAS BACK IN THE WOODS ALONE! YOU NO-GOOD, SNAKE-TONGUED, BIRD-BRAINED...

NOW LISTEN, PAL... I MEAN, SERGEANT... TAKE IT EASY, NOW! I CAN EXPLAIN...



I'LL GIVE YA A WOUND, YA +\$6%*! COME BACK HERE!

NOW TELL ME...HOW DID THE REDS FIGURE TO BEAT AN ARMY THAT'S FULL OF CRAZY CHARACTERS LIKE THOSE TWO?

HOW THE INFANTRY FIGHTS SCOUTING

THE INFANTRY MUST LEARN MANY TRICKS... AND IN THE HARD BUSINESS OF WAR, SCOUTING IS IMPORTANT, FOR WITHOUT INFORMATION OF THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS, THE ARMY IS BLIND... SCOUTS ARE THE EYES OF THE INFANTRY. HERE ARE A FEW SCOUTING TACTICS.

ALERT, KEEN, THE SCOUT MOVES FORWARD AGGRESSIVELY, CAUTIOUSLY... HE MUST SEE EVERYTHING, MISS NOTHING, FOR THE SECURITY OF HIS COMRADES WHO FOLLOW, RESTS ON HIM...



THE SCOUT MUST TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ALL TYPES OF COVER...



I CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT 'EM FROM HERE, AN' THEY CAN'T SEE ME!

WHEN A LONE SCOUT PREPARES FOR A MISSION, HE IS BRIEFED COMPLETELY, BY A NON-COM OR COMMISSIONED OFFICER...

YOU WILL REPORT ALL MOVEMENT ALONG THE TAEGU ROAD... REPORT HERE AT 0600.

YESSIR!



AND HE WILL ALLOW NOTHING TO STOP HIM FROM COMPLETING HIS ASSIGNMENT TO THE LETTER...



LOTS OF MOVEMENT, BUT I HAVE IT ALL SPOTTED. TWELVE TANKS, THREE ARMORED CARS, AND TEN WEAPON CARRIERS. I'D BETTER START BACK IF I WANT TO MAKE IT BY 0600.



THIS, THEN, IS THE TASK OF THE SCOUT... THE EYES OF THE INFANTRY! IT IS LONELY, DANGEROUS WORK, BUT HIGHLY IMPORTANT... A JOB FOR BRAVE MEN... FOR INFANTRYMEN!





ON SALE JANUARY 26th WILD BOY

Coil after crushing coil tightens around WILD BOY! Armed only with knife and courage, how can WILD BOY hope to destroy his deadly antagonist? And should he emerge the victor, what terrible dangers must he yet encounter in the sinister jungle shadows? Don't miss this thrilling desperate battle! READ every exciting word of - - -

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